

7001

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZ GERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Section 6316

Won Cogswells







NEW SELECTION

OF

HYMNS;

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

CONFERENCE MEETINGS, PRIVATE CIR-

AS

A SUPPLEMENT

TO

DR. WATTS' PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER, A.M.
Minister of the Gospel in Charlestown, (Mass.)

"Christ is all and in all."

BOSTON:

Printed and sold by Samuel T. Armstrong, No. 50, Cornhill, sold also by Manning & Loring, and Lincoln & Edmands,

Cornhill, and Ball & Bedlington, Court Street;
by the EDITOR, Charlestown, and by
Samuel West, Salom.

Price 75 cents.

(L.S.) DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifth day of August, A D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, WILLIAM COLLIER of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A new selection of Hymns; designed for the use of conference meetings, private circles, and congregations, as a supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns. By.WIL-LIAM COLLIER, A. M. Minister of the Gospel in

Charlestown, (Mass.)"

" Christ is all and in all."

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical, and other prints."

WM. S. SHAW, { Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

A PLAN is necessary in making a hymn book; but not in using it. The method observed in this work, (which was first suggested by an excellent selection of Messrs. Wi liams and Bowden's, England) will, no deubt, be found useful; but the judicious Minister, Deacon or private Christian, when presiding in a conference meeting, or in a private circle of friends, will feel at liberty often to select a hymn suited to particular occasions and circumstances, without any reference to the order observed in the book.

May I be permitted (in the words of Messrs. W. and B.) to remind my fellow worshippers of the exhortation addressed by the zealous Levites to the congregation of Israel? Neh ix, 5: STAND UP and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever. Sitting is the usual posture of mourning and silence, (Lam ii, 10.) And perhaps it would be difficult to find many congregations who indulge this unsuitable attitude, who are not either too silent or dull in the delightful work of praise: we speak not of those few individual exceptions, who, on account of age, corporeal infirmities, or great fatigue, cannot accomplish their own wishes. Sitting congregations generally resign that part of divi e worship which is the nearest akin to heaven, to the clerk or singers; and we almost despair of seeing any considerable or general improvement in this branch of our public solemities, till our people stand up to praise the Lord their God.

August 9, 1812-At a meeting of the first Baptist Church in Charlestown-the Committee, Brothers EPHRAIM ROBINS and DAVID Fospick, appointed at a former meeting of the Church, to examine a New Selection of Hymns about to be published by our Paston, Brother WILLIAM COLLIER, having reported favorably respecting said work, agreed unanimously to adopt it in public worship as a supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns.

JOHN CARTER, DAVID GOODWIN, Deacons. SILAS NILES,

PLAN.

I. For the introductory part of public worship.

II. Gospel doctrines.

III. Christian Experience.IV. Religious Duties.V. Social Worship.

VI. For the conclusion of public worship.

-A TABLE,

to find any Hymn by the first line.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone -	-		279
Adieu ye vain delights of earth	-	r	440
Afflicted Saint to Christ draw near		-	195
A fulness resides			127
A giory gilds the sacred page	-		27
All hail the power of Jesus's name			107
All hall thou length ner of my days			348
All hail redeeming Lord	-	•	113
All ye that pass by	-		90
Almighty maker God .	•	•	13
Amazing beauteous change .			405
Am I a soldier of the cross -			299
And be it so that till this hour	-	-	286
As birds their infant broad protect	-		373
And can my heart aspire so high	-	-	255
And did the holy and the just -	•		392
Angels roll the rock away -	. 1	•	17
And have I Christ no love to thee			294
And does the kind Redeemer stoop			446
And is salvation brought so near		-	231
And is this heaven and am I there			ib.
And must I part with all I have	•		3 57
And will the great eternal God			371
As when the weary traveller	•	-	436
At anchor laid remote from home	-		440
Another six days work is done	•	-	2
And will the Judge descend -	-		226
And will the offended God again	•		166
Arise my soul-arise	· •		262
Arise my tenderest thoughts arise			69
As on the cross the Savior hung	•		187
And is the gospel peace and love			153
Astonish'd and distress'd			67
A wake and sing the song	2		10
	10		

Awake, awake the sacred song	85
Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound	240
Awak'd from sin's delusive sleep .	246
Awake my soul in joyful lays	42
Awake my soul nor slumbering lie	209
A wake my soul stretch every nerve .	335
A wake my soul to hymns of praise -	61
Awake our drowsy souls	S
Awake sweet gratitude and sing	108
Awake ye saints and raise your eyes -	230
A way my unbelieving fear	354
BEGIN my soul the exalted lay .	60
Begin the high celestial strain	62
Begone unbelief, my Savior is near .	260
Behold the awful day comes on	214
Beyond the glittering starry sky	105
Behold the great eternal God,	304
Behold! the last great day is come .	220
Behold with pleasing cestasy	401
Behold the Savior of mankind	87
Behold the sin atoming Lamb	133
Beset with snares on every hand -	310
Blest men who stretch their willing hands	360
Blest tidings of salvation	451
Blow ye the trumpet blow	80
CELESTIAL dove, expand thy wings -	329
Children of the heavenly king	287
Come all ye chosen saints of God	389
Come humble sinner in whose breast -	10
Come all ye saints of God	77
Captain of thme enlisted host.	403
Come death released from dread	206
Come holy spirit come	161
	165
Come holy Spirit from above	16
Christ the Lord is risen today	229
Come Lord, and warm each languid heart	14
Come let us join in sweet accord -	
Come mourning saints deprest with wo	217 413
Come friendship tune thy pleasing lyre	
Come let our voices join to raise	4.07
Come, thou fount of ever blessing	425

vii

Come ye mourning pardon'd sinners -	444
Come our indulgent Savior come -	389
Come thou desire of all thy saints -	12
Compar'd with Christ in all beside	157
Come theu long expected Jesus	114
Come thou soul transforming Spirit	376
Come tune ye saints your noblest strains	102
Come weary souls with sins distress'd	176
Come ye simer's poor and wretched	175
Come ye that love the Savior's name .	118
DAY of judgment day of wonders	219
Dead be my heart to all below	324
Dear Lord though bitter is the cup -	355
Dear refuge of my weary soul	312
Dear Savior we are thine	189
Dear Savior we rejoice to hear	378
Dear Savior when my thoughts recall -	285
Dear Shepherd of thy people hear .	371
Death, 'tis a name with terror fraught -	201
Death! what a solemn word to all .	208
Deep are the wounds which sin hath made	145
Descend from heaven celestial dove -	164
Descend holy Spirit the dove	163
Destructive sword how oft hast thou -	410
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	375
Dismiss us with thy blessing Lord	452
EARTH has engross'd my love too long	234
Election, 'tis a joyful sound	171
Encompass'd with clouds of distress	276
Encourag'd by thy word	429
Enquire ye pilgrims for the way	372
Enraptur'd with the charming names	122
Enslav'd by sin and bound in chains •	119
Eternal God! almighty cause	32
Eternal God the thanks receive	34
Eternal power whose high abode • •	46
Eternal spirit source of light	160
Eternal sun of righteousness	351
Eternal wisdom thee we praise -	49
FAIR Zion's King we suppliant bow	393
Faith leads to joys beyond the skies -	281

viii

Fain would I my Redeemer see	447
Full of unutterable grace	ib:
Faith—'tis a precious grace	275
Far above you glorious ceiling	104
Father at thy call I come - •	282
Father how wide thy glories shine	73
Father is not thy promised pledg'd -	399
Father of glory to thy name	32
Father of love from age to age	56
Father of mercies in thy word	26
Father of mercies send thy grace	296
Father to thee in Christ I fly	350
Father what e'er of earthly bliss -	342
First have these lovers of the word	387
Flow fast my tears the cause is great	131
Flow last my lears the cause is great	262
Forgiveness 'tis a joyful sound -	349
Fountain of good from thee alone	143
From pole to pole let others roam	432
From whence does this union arise	277
From whence this fear and unbelief	116
GIRD on the conquering sword	22
Glory be to God on high, Hallelujah .	21
Glory to God on high	
Glory and thanks to him be given -	449
Glory to that victorious grace	347
God in the gospel of his son	78
God is a constant sure defence	302
God is a name my soul adores	35
God moves in a mysterious way	58
God of my life through all its days	272
God of my life to thee I call	318
Grace 'tis a charming sound .	76
Go teach the nations and baptise .	387
Gracious God what shall 1 do -	328
Gracious Lord incline thine ear	251
Gracious Spirit love divine	162
Great spirit my whole power divine	156
Great author of my being	319
Great God this sacred day of thine	4
Great God beneath thy piercing eye	69
Great God of providence! thy ways	59
Great Ruler of the earth and skies	411
Great Ruler of the carmand	419
Great God at thy command -	

ix

Great sovereign Lord what human .	419
Great God the nations of the earth	400
Great God my early vows to thee	363
Great God we in thy courts appear .	385
Great God where'er we pitch our tent	361
Great former of this various frame .	55
Great ruler of all natures frame	54
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah -	154
HAIL everlasting spring	140
Hail mighty Jesus how divine	183
Hail sovereign love that first began	137
Hail the day that see him rise -	103
Hark the giad sound the Savior's come	86
Hark the herald angels sing	82
Hark the voice of love and mercy -	92
Hark, what the Lord of angels say -	445
Head of the church triumphant	300
Hear gracious God my humble moan	314
He comes! he comes! the Judge severe -	218
He comes the royal conquerer comes	223
How sreat, how solemn is the work	386
He dies, the friend of sinners dies -	95
Hell 'tis a word of dreadful sound -	225
He lives the great Redeemer lives -	108
Holy blessed, glorious three	33
How blest the minds which daily rise -	337
How blest is our brother bereft -	201
How firm a foundation ye saints	180
How glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne	110
How happy are we	172
How are thy servants blest O Lord	435
How happy is the pilgrims lot	336
How heipless guilts nature lies :	237
How lost was my condition	148
How tedious and tasteless the hours -	415
How vain a thought is bliss below -	422
How lovely, how divinely	370
How oft alas! this wrecthed heart -	317
How precious is the book divine	25
How shall a lost sinner in pain -	321
How sweet to recline	264
	-

and the second s		
1 AM saith Christ the way		156
I asked the Lord that I might grow -		313
I can not shun the stroke of death -		209
I come the great Redeemer cries -		87
In cheerful songs of artless praise -		406
If I have never yet began		239
If rising from the bed of death		245
If their be passions in my soul		272
Immoveable our hopes remains -		266
In evil long I took delight		96
In God my soul behold thy rest		343
In heaven the rapturous song began -		81
In Jordan's tide the baptist stands .	-	381
In sleep serene oblivion laid		353
In songs of sublime adoration and praise		181
Inspirer and hearer of prayer		338
In sweet exalted strains		308
In trouble I seek thee my God		325
In vain Apollos silver tongue -		374
In various musings of the mind -		305
I quit the world's fantastic joys -		340
Israel in ancient days		79
Is this my Jesus this my God		97
I thirst but not as once I did -		324
I would but cannot sing		308
I was a groveling creature once		286
JERUSALEM my happy home -		228
Jesus and shall it ever be		359
Jesus full of all compassion -		249
Jehovah spake and time began -		424
Jesus how precious is thy name -		114
Jesus I love thy charming name , -		121
Jesus in this hour be near		303
Jesus I sing thy matchless grace -		125
Jesus lover of my soul		139
Jesus mighty King in Zion		384
Jesus my all to heaven is gone		155
Jesus where'er thy people meet		6
Jesus my love my chief delight -		112
Jesus our triumphant head		126
Jesus the Savior that dear name -		117
Jesus thy light impart		247

xi

Jesus thou lowly bleeding Lamb -	393
	265
	138
Jesus to thy wounds I fly	4 30
Jesus since thou art still today	149
Jesus thy blood and righteousness -	135
Jesus we claim thee for our own	128
KEEP silence all created things	38
	196
and gath alan or my man and	365
	421
King of Salem bless my soul	391
LET avarice from shore to shore -	27
Let every tuneful accent rise	64
Let heaven burst forth into a song -	75
Let others boast their ancient line -	193
Det party names no more	297
	100
Let us the sheep by Jesus name .	268
Let worldy minds the world pursue -	346
Let Zion's watchmen all awake •	
Lo! he cometh! countless trumpets -	217
Lo! he comes with clouds descending -	216
Look up ye saints direct your eyes -	48
Lord hast thou made me know thy ways	190
	301
	388
Lord dismiss us with the blessing -	452
	355
Lord of my life O may thy praise	362
	426
Lord thou hast won at length I yield .	345
Lord when our raptur'd thought surveys	53
	288
	450
and to mercome the me indeed	254
Mighty God while angels bless thee	30
My God for I can call that mine -	256
My God the covenant of thy love -	72
My God what silken cords are thine	265
	295
My Lord by sinners crucified •	289
My rising soul with strong desires -	191

xii

Bru come al all blancatt was a dist	
My song shall bless the Lord of all	129
My soul with joy attend	151
My sorrows like a flood	252
My thoughts that often mount the skies	200
My times of sorrow and of joy	342
My waken'd soul extend thy wings	215
NOW begin the heavenly theme	71
Now let us raise our cheerful strains .	106
Now Lord inspire the preacher's heart	375
Now may the Spirit's holy fire .	374
Now we are met in holy fear	378
O FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost	388
Of all the joys we mortals know .	292
O for a closer walk with God	192
O for a heart to praise my God	344
O for a sweet inspiring ray	233
O for a thousand tongues to sing .	271
O for a view from Pisgah's top -	332
O happy day that fix'd my choice .	377
O love divine how sweet thou art -	290
O my soul what means this sadness,	311
On what has now been sown	451
One there is above above all others	130
Once as the Savior pass'd along	184
Once was my soul indulged to view -	315
O that I had a seraphs fire	19
O tell me no more	341
O that I knew the secret place	316
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand -	227
On Zion's glorious summit stood	232
O that I could repent	284
O that my load of sin were gone -	248
O the dear glories of the peace • •	333
O thou God of my salvation -	22
O the transscendent love	129
	402
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness O thou that bears the proven of faith	352
O thou that hears the prayer of faith O thou at whose almighty word	415
O thou who didet the glow loave	173
O thou who didst thy glory leave	23
Our father whose eternal sway Our eyes salvation see	404
	433
Our souls by love together knit Our great high priest we sing -	115
Our great filth oriest we sing	117

iiix

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world Out of the Iron furnace, Lord O what shall I do my Savior to praise O wretched man of hopeless grief PRAISE to the Lord if bounsless might Praise to thy name, eternal God Praise to the Lord who bows his ear Precious Biblel what a treasure Proclaim inimitable love Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who l	Our heavenly Father calls	190
O what shall I do my Savior to praise O wretched man of hopeless grief PRAISE to the Lord if bounsless might Praise to thy name, eternal God Praise to the Lord who bows his ear Precious Bible! what a treasure Proclaim inimitable love Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Salvatior divine we know thy name Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord w		190
O what shall I do my Savior to praise O wretched man of hopeless grief PRAISE to the Lord if bounsless might Praise to thy name, eternal God Praise to the Lord who bows his ear Precious Bible! what a treasure Proclaim inimitable love Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Salvatior divine we know thy name Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord w	Out of the Iron furnace, Lord	248
O wretched man of hopeless grief PRAISE to the Lord if bounsless might Praise to thy name, eternal God Praise to the Lord who bows his ear Precious Bible! what a treasure Proclaim inimitable love Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sons we are through God's election Sorerign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing	O what shall I do my Savior to praise .	159
PRAISE to the Lord if bounsless might Praise to thy name, eternal God Praise to the Lord who bows his ear Precious Bible! what a treasure Proclaim inimitable love Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the Sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud pr	O wretched man of hopeless grief	320
Praise to thy name, eternal God Praise to the Lord who bows his ear Precious Bible! what a treasure Proclaim inimitable love Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior visit thy plantation Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sowereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing	PRAISE to the Lord if bounsless might	50
Praise to the Lord who bows his ear Precious Bible! what a treasure Proclaim inimitable love Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconsiling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		167
Proclaim inimitable love 92 Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet 281 RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power 367 Return, O wanderer return 322 Rise my soul and stretch thy wings 334 Rock of ages cleft for me 366 Salvation! O melodious sound 367 Salvation! O melodious sound 368 Salvation through our dying God 361 Savior divine we know thy name 374 Savior of sinful men 362 See how the willing converts trace 384 See how rude winter's icy hand 418 See the Captain of salvation 375 Shall sin that cruel foe 386 Shepherd of Israel bend thine car 395 Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep 396 Since Jesus freely did appear 380 Sing to the Lord above 380 Stern winter throws his icy chains 31 Sinner O why so thoughtless grown 380 Sons we are through God's election 370 Sovereign of all the worlds on high 380 Sovereign of life before thine eye 399 Spirit divine descend 381 Symetthe Monuments rich in blessing 399		412
Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing	Precious Bible! what a treasure -	25
RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who	Proclaim inimitable love	92
RAISE thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Syprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing	Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet -	281
Record my soul thy Maker's power Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		242
Return, O wanderer return Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Solvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		367
Rise my soul and stretch thy wings. Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims 31 Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims 32 33 34 36 36 36 36 36 37 38 38 39 30 30 31 31 31 32 32 33 34 34 34 34 34 34 34		322
Rock of ages cleft for me SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Syprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		334
SAFELY through another week Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		136
Salvation! O melodious sound Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior visit thy plantation Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		366
Salvation through our dying God Savior divine we know thy name Savior divine we know thy name Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stem winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		183
Savior divine we know thy name Savior visit thy plantation Several for sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine car Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims		181
Savior visit thy plantation		174
Savior of sinful men See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		431
See how the willing converts trace See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		413
See how rude winter's icy hand See the Captain of salvation Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		
See the Captain of salvation 233 Shall sin that cruel foe 233 See the sad fruit of sin appear 446 Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear 395 Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep 396 Since Jesus freely did appear 420 Sing to the Lord above 386 Stern winter throws his icy chains 380 Stern winter throws his icy chains 310 Sinner O why so thoughtless grown 68 Sons we are through God's election 500 Sovereign of all the worlds on high 500 Sovereign of life before thine eye 500 Sprinkled with reconciling blood 511 Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies 500 Sweeter sounds than music knows 500 Sweeter homents rich in blessing 500		418
Shall sin that cruel foe See the sad fruit of sin appear Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		
See the sad fruit of sin appear - 446 Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear - 395 Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep - 396 Since Jesus freely did appear - 420 Sing to the Lord above - 380 Stern winter throws his icy chains - 31 Sinner O why so thoughtless grown - 68 Sons we are through God's election - 170 Sovereign of all the worlds on high - 194 Sovereign of life before thine eye - 199 Spirit divine descend - 83 Sprinkled with reconciling blood - 11 Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies - 88 Sweeter sounds than music knows - 84 Sweet the moments rich in blessing - 99		239
Shepherd of Israel bend thine ear Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		446
Shepherd of Israel thou dost keep Since Jesus freely did appear Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		395
Since Jesus freely did appear - 420 Sing to the Lord above - 380 Stern winter throws his icy chains - 31 Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims - 31 Sinner O why so thoughtless grown - 68 Sons we are through God's election - 170 Sovereign of all the worlds on high - 194 Sovereign of life before thine eye - 199 Spirit divine descend - 83 Sprinkled with reconciling blood - 11 Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies - 88 Sweeter sounds than music knows - 84 Sweet the moments rich in blessing - 99		396
Sing to the Lord above Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Soms we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		420
Stern winter throws his icy chains Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing		380
Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39		417
Sinner O why so thoughtless grown Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing 68 170 88 83 84 84 89		31
Sons we are through God's election Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing 170 194 195 197 198 199		68
Sovereign of all the worlds on high Sovereign of life before thine eye Spirit divine descend Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing 99		170
Sovereign of life before thine eye - 199 Spirit divine descend - 83 Sprinkled with reconciling blood - 11 Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows - 84 Sweet the moments rich in blessing - 99		194
Spirit divine descend - 83 Sprinkled with reconciling blood - 11 Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies - 88 Sweeter sounds than music knows - 84 Sweet the moments rich in blessing - 99		
Sprinkled with reconciling blood Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing 99		83
Stretch'd on the cross the Savior dies Sweeter sounds than music knows Sweet the moments rich in blessing 99		11
Sweeter sounds than music knows - 84 Sweet the moments rich in blessing - 99		
Sweet the moments rich in blessing - 99		84
C. A	(Ca	

xiv

Sweet was the time when first I felt .	509
TELL me no more of earthly toys -	339
Thanks to thy name O Lord that we .	5
The Bible is justly esteemed	28
The day is past and gone	442
The gathering clouds with aspect dark	411
The Lord is risen indeed -	103
Thee Lord my thankful soul would bless	267
The Lord who rules the world's affairs	409
The fountain of Christ	141
The God who once to Israel spoke	414
The peace which God alone reveals -	449
The great Jehovah who shall dare -	37
This God is the God we adore .	551
The joyful morn my God is come -	1
The King of heaven his table spreads -	390
Thine earthly subbaths Lord we love -	448
The Lord my Savior is my light -	303
The Lord will happiness bestow	258
To bless thy chosen race	398
The moment a sinner believes	273
To thy great name O Prince of peace -	397
Then the Lord's supporting power -	304
To morrow Lord is thine	423
There is a sacred name	124
There is, a fountain fill'd with blood -	143
There is a period known to God	169
The righteous souls that take their flight -	205
The righteous Lord supremely great .	269
The Savior calls let every ear	177
The Savior O what endless charms .	122
The spacious firmament on high -	52
Thou dearest object of my love	333
Thou dear Redeemer dying Lamb	270
Thou God of harmony and love	434
Thou only sovereign of my heart	379
Thou sinner's advocate with God	323
Thou sweet gliding Kedron by thy silver stream	101
The troubles assail and dangers affright	307
Thou unexhausted name of bliss	364
very paschal Lamb	154
"the changing scenes of life -	

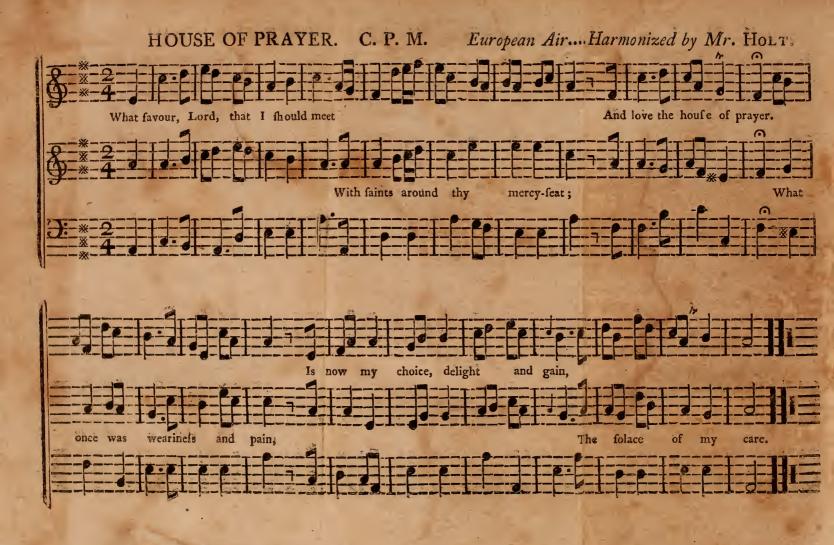
XV

Thus it became the prince of grace .		382
Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd	-	383
Thy mercy my God is the theme of my so	ng	44
Tis a point I long to know		293
'Tis finish'd so the Savior cri'd -		93
'Tis finish'd the Redeemer said -		94
'Tis my happiness below -	-	3'0
Thy judgments righteous, God are just	-	244
To God my Savior and my King .	-	266
To God the universal King		47
To God who chose us in his Son -	•	274
Triumphant Lord thy goodness reigns	-	45
Triumphant sing ye favor'd saints -	-	157
To thee, O God, when creatures fail	- 1	594
To our Redeemer's glorious name	-	20
To thee our wants are known		450
'Twas in an hour when wrath prevail'd		93
UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin -		259
Unto thy altar Lord	-	11
Unveil thy bosom faithful tomh		104
Uprising from the darksome tomb .	-	18
VITAL spark of neavenly flame -		196
WAIT O my soul thy Maker's will		39
Weary of my sad complaining .		327
We seek a rest beyond the skies		450
We sing the Savior's love -		91
What favor Lord that I should meet .		1
What a rapturous song	-	236
We come dear Jesus to thy throne -		439
What various hindrances we meet		8
What is our God, or what his name	-	36
What though I cannot break my chain		353
When all thy mercies O my God -		50
When bending o'er the brink of life	-	204
When blooming youth is snatch'd away		203
When death appears before my sight	-	212
When darkness long had veil'd my mind		330
When Abraham's servant to procure	-	358
When Hannah press'd with grief -		423
When any turn from Zion's ways -	-	379
When first the God of boundless grace		4

xvi

When fix'd with grief my anxious heart	246
When I the holy grave survey	211
When Joseph his brother beheld .	253
When O dear Jesus when shall I	000
When o'er the trodden paths of life -	57
When some kind shepherd from his fold -	185
When the fierce north wind with his airy forces	221
When thou my righteous Judge shall come	224
When with my mind devoutly prest	188
When Zion's sons great God appear	9
While carnal men with all their might -	356
Where two or three with sweet accord -	427
While to the grave our friends are borne	198
Why droops my soul, with guilt opprest .	326
Why O my soul why weepest thou -	357
With conscious guilt and bleeding heart .	7
With ecstasy of joy	132
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd -	146
With flowing eyes, and bleeding heart .	65
With joy we sing the wondrous grace	298
With melting heart and weeping eyes -	238
With tears of anguish I lament -	66
With what a fix'd and peaceful mind -	207
YE 'est inhabitants of heaven -	63
Ye cying sons of men	178
Ye glittering toys of earth adieu -	144
Ye golden lamps of heaven farewell -	273
Ye humble souls approach your God -	41
Ye little flock whom Jesus feeds	152
Ye scarlet colored sinners come	179
Ye sons of men with joy record -	51
Ye sons of the mair, &c	438
Ye sons of Zion, praise the Lord •	350
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm -	414
Yes the Redeemer rose -	15
Ye trembling souls dismiss your fears -	269
Monder amazing light I see	89





HYMNS.

PART I.

FOR THE INTRODUCTORY PART OF PUBLIC.
WORSHIP.

HYMN I. P. M.

Thoughts on entering a place of worship.

- 1 WHAT favor, Lord, that I should meet
 With saints around thy mercy-seat,
 And love the house of pray'r!
 What once was weariness and pain,
 Is now my choice, delight and gain,
 The solace of my care!
- 2 O let returning Sabbaths be A sign between my soul and thee Of mercy, love, and peace! This one desire I'd seek with zeal Within thine earthly courts to dwell Until I see thy face!
- 2. P. M. Baltimore Tune.

 Zeal for the house of God, and delight in worship.

 Psalm exxii.
- 1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come That calls me to thy honored dome Thy presence to adore:

My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 Hither from Judah's utmost end, The Heaven protected tribes ascend; Their offerings hither bring: Here eager to attest their joy, In hymns of praise their tongues employ And hail th'immortal king.

3 Be Peace implor'd by each on Thee,
O Sion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How bless'd who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labor shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waste deplore;
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail, How can my tongue, O Sion, fail To bless thy lov'd abode? How cease the zeal that in me glows, Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose The mansions of my God?

3. L. M.

The Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER six day's work is done, Another Sabbath is begun; Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day that God has bless'd.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wearied minds; Provides an antepast of Heaven, And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense, to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the Church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view, In various scenes both old and new; With praise, we think on mercies past, With hope, we future pleasures taste,
- 6 In holy duties let the day, In holy pleasures pass away; How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

4. P. M. Carter Lane Tune. A Hymn for Lord's Day Morning,

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright Scraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd.
Th'angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts THE GOD ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler Strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

Gird on, great Gop, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While Justice, Truth, and Love
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th'unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

5. P M.

For the Lord's day.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine Demands our souls' collected powers; May we employ in works divine These solemn, these devoted hours! O may our souls, adoring, own The grace which calls us to thy throne!

- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,
 Where God resides appear no more;
 Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 The word of life, dispens'd to day, Invites us to a heavenly feast; May every ear the call obey, Be every heart a humble guest! O bid the wretched sons of need On soul-reviving dainties feed.
- 4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
 O may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day, indeed, be thine:
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne,

6. L. M.

For the Sabbath.

- 1 THANKS to thy name, O Lord that we One glorious Sabbath more behold; Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee, Among thy sheep, in this thy fold.
- 2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear, And let thy presence fill the throng; Thy awful voice let sinners hear, And bid the feeble heart be strong,

- 3 Gather the lambs into thine arms,
 And satisfy their every want,
 And those with young defend from harms,
 And gently lead them lest they faint.
- 4 Put forth thy shepherd's crook, and stay Thy wandering sheep, and bring them back; O bring the wandering home to-day, And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 5 Dear tender-hearted Shepherd look, And let our wants thy bowels move; And kindly lead thy little flock To the sweet pastures of thy love.

7. L. M.

Social Worship.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy-seat; Where'r they seek thee thou art found, And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- For thou, within no walls confin'd, Inhabitest the humble mind; Such ever bring thee where they come, And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few! Thy former mercies here renew; Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,]
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;

To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heaven before our eyes.

- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word, We stretch the curtain and the cord;* Come thou and fill this humble space, And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord we are few but thou art near; Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear; Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down, And make a thousand hearts thine own.

6. L. M.

Penitential Prayer.

- 1 WITH conscious guilt and bleeding heart, Near to thy throne of grace I fly; O! Friend of friendless sinners, deign To hear my penitential cry.
- 2 Borne down with sin's tremendous load, I cannot raise my soul to thee; E'en when I would approach thy throne, Through unbelief I'm kept away.
- 3 O! sov'reign, gracious, pow'rful God, Compel my sins to quit their seat; And, cloth'd with Jesus' finish'd robe, I'll dare approach my Savior's feet.
- 4 My first, my only cry shall be, "Thy sanctifying grace impart, And form my soul alike to thee, And dwell forever in my heart."

5 Then, when I quit this vale of tears, Uncloth'd with flesh my soul shall rise: Adorn'd with ev'ry shining grace, Shall reign with God above the skies.

9. L. M.

Exhortation to prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet, In coming to thy mercy-seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw, Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright; And Satan trembles, when he sees The weakest Saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's side; But when thro' weariness they fail'd, That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again, Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow-creature's ear With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent, To Heaven in supplication sent,

Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

10. L. M.

Pleading the promises.

- WHEN Zion's sons, Great God! appear In Zion's court for praise and pray'r;
 Then in thy Spirit, deign to be As one with those who worship thee.
- 2 Till thou shalt o'er the waters move, 'Twill but a barren season prove; Lifeless and cold will be the song, The preacher dull, the service long.
- 3 Without thine over shad'wing wings, No sweets the gospel message brings; Fetter'd the herald's tongue appears, Till his great Master's feet he hears.
- 4 Winds, from the north and south, awake, Take of the things of Jesus, take; Diffuse thy kind celestial dew, Bring pardon, peace, and healing too.
- 5 Confirm the weak and feeble knees, Unfold the gospel promises; The truth we hear, do thou apply, Nor let a waiter's fleece be dry.
- 6 Then shall we count the season dear, To those who speak or those who hear; And all conspire with sweet accord, In hymns of joy, to praise the Lord.

11. C. M.

The successful resolve—I will go unto the King. Esther iv, 16.

 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest, And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin"Hath like a mountain rose;"I know his courts, I'll enter in,"Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,"And there my guilt confess,"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone"Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach, "Whose sceptre pardon gives, "Perhaps he may command my touch, "And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea, "Perhaps will hear my prayer; "But if I perish I will pray, "And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolv'd to try:
"For if I stay away I know
"I must for ever die."

12. S. M.

A broken heart, and a bleeding Savior.

- 1 UNTO thine altar Lord, A broken heart I bring; And wilt thou graciously accept Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding lamb,
 My faith directs its eyes
 Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
 But not his sacrifice.
- When he gave up the Ghost,
 The law was satisfy'd;
 And now to its most rigorous claims,
 I answer, "Jesus died."

13. L. M.

Holy boldness.

- 1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood, I dare approach thy throne, O God; Thy face no frowning aspect wears, Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow peaceful sign! Doth with refulgent brightness shine; And while my faith! beholds it near, I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay; With courage sing, with fervor pray; And tho' myself a wretch undone, Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son —

4 Thy Son, who on the accursed tree, Expir'd to set the vilest free; On this I build my only claim, And all I ask is in his name.

14. C. M.

For the divine presence, Psalm cxl, 13.

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
 Our humble strains attend,
 While, with our praises and complaints,
 Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear, And all thy suff'rings trace, What sweetly awful scenes appear! What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above, With warm devotion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 Come Lord, thy love alone can raise
 In us the heavenly flame;
 Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
 Our hearts adore thy name.
- 5 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine, And fill thy dwellings here, Till life, and love, and joy divine A heaven on earth appear.

15. S. M.

Forms vain without religion.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God! How wondrous is thy name! Thy glories how diffus'd abroad Thro' the creation's frame.
- Nature in every dress Her humble homage pays, And finds a thousand ways t'express Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing To her Creator too, Fain would my tongue adore my King, And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that busy sin, Spoils all that I perform, Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in, And swells a haughty worm.]
- Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis formed again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend The remnant of my days, And to my God, my soul ascend In sweet perfumes of praise.

2

16. L. M. Old 100th.

Introducing public worship, Psalm c.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise; Glad homage pay, with awful mirth, And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone, From whom both we and all proceed; We, whom he chooses for his own, The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate, Thence to his courts devoutly press; And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth, which always firmly stood, To endless ages shall endure.

17. C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 COME let us join in sweet accord In hymns around the throne; This is the day our rising Lord Hath made and call'd his own.
- This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the sev'n;
 Type of that everlasting rest,
 The saints enjoy in heav'n.

ON THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

18. P. M. 148th. Resurrection Tune.

The resurrection of Christ, Luke xxiv, 34.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
 The Savior left the dead;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High rais'd his conquering head:
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.
- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet:
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear:
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say,
 "Jesus who bled
 "Hath left the dead;
 "He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound, Redeem'd by him from hell;

And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead
"No more to die."

5 All hail triumphant Lond,
Who say'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

19. P. M.

Christ's resurrection, 1 Cor. xv, 56.

- I CHRIST the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men, and angels say, Raise your joys triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Death in vain forbids his rise, Christ hath open'd Paradise.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he dy'd our souls to save;
 "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our exalted head, Made like him, like him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all, Partners of our parent's fall; Second life we now receive, In our heavenly Adam live.
- 7 Hail, the LORD of earth and heaven!
 Praise to thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the RESURRECTION—thou.

20. P. M. Hart's tune.

The resurrection and ascension.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up the mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Savior, Angels, raise Fame's eternal trump of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Hal.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes, Now to glory see him rise, In long triumph up the sky, Up to waiting worlds on high.

Hal.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide, Glorious hero, thro' them ride; King of glory, mount thy throne, Thy great Father's and thy own.

Hal.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs, Praise, and sweep your golden lyres; Shout, O earth, in rapturous song, Let the strains be sweet and strong.

Hal.

6 Every note with wonder swell, Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell; Where is hell's once dreaded king! Where, O death, thy mortal sting!

Hal.

21. P. M.

Christ risen victorious, Luke xxiv, 1-7.

- 1 UPRISING from the darksome tomb, See the victorious Jesus come! Th' Almighty prisoner quits the prison; And angels tell the Lord is risen. Angels, angels, angels,— And angels tell the Lord is risen.
- 2 Ye guilty souls, that groan and grieve, Hear the glad tidings, hear and live; God's righteous law is satisfied, And justice now is on your side. Justice, justice, &c.
- 3 Your surety, thus releas'd by God, Pleads the rich ransom of his blood: No new demand, no bar remains;

But mercy now triumphant reigns. Mercy, mercy, &c.

4 Believers, hail your rising head, The first begotten from the dead; Your resurrection's sure, thro' his, To endless life and boundless bliss. Endless, endless, &c.

22. L. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 O THAT I had a seraph's fire, His rapt'rous song and golden lyre, To chant the love and grace' supreme, Reveal'd as in the gospel scheme.
- 2 Here's pardon full, for sins that's past, It matters not, how black their cast; And, O my soul, with wonder view, For sins to come,* here's pardon too.
- 3 When Jesus dy'd, their debts were paid, Whose sin lay on this Scape Goat's head; Was to the trackless desert drove, And buried in eternal love.
- 4 In this abyss of love profound, When sought for, they shall not be found; Hid from Jehovah's piercing eye, There in oblivious shades they lie.

^{*} The believer in Jesus, who lives under a sweet sense of pardoned sin, knows, by bitter experience, that he sins every day, and shall continue so do, until mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

- 5 The nation, thus redeem'd from sin, Were chosen, lov'd, and blest in him; And while he lives, they ne'er shall die, For they are his by cov'nant-tie.
- 6 Let saints prepare to crown his brow With bright immortal trophies, now; And let their songs record his name, His honors, and his deathless fame.

23. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer, Rev. 1, 5, 6.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the sacred song! O may His love, (immortal flame!) Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach, What mortal tongue display? Imagination's utmost stretch In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite, And gratitude and joy; Jesus be our supreme delight, His praise our best employ.
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay Our humble thanks to thee; May every heart with rapture say, "The Savior died for me!"

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme, Fill every heart and tongue; Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

24. P. M.

Universal praise to Christ, Rev. v, 13.

- 1 GLORY to God on high: Let heaven and earth reply, "Praise ye his name!" Angels, his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore; And saints cry evermore "Worthy the lamb!"
- 2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 We who have felt his blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad,
 "Worthy the lamb!"
- 3 Join all the ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise;
 And shout, with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the lamb!"

Tho' we must change our place, Yet shall we never cease Praising his name: To him we'll tribute bring: Hail him our gracious king: And without ceasing sing "Worthy the lamb!"

25. P. M.

Praise to God the Redeemer, Rom. v, 8.

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin:
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within;
I will praise thee—
Where shall I thy praise begin?

While the angel-choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM;"
I with them would still be vying,
"Glory, glory to the lamb!"
Oh! how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

3 Now, I see, with joy and wonder, Whence the healing streams arose; Angel-minds are lost to ponder Dying love's mysterious cause; What a blessing! Down to all, to me it flows.

26. P. M.

Public worship.

I GLORY be to God on high!—Hallelujah!*
God whose glory fills the sky:
*To be sung with or without the HALLELUJARS.

Lift your voice, ye people all, Praise the God on whom ye call.

- 2 God his sovereign sway maintains; King o'er all the earth he reigns: All to him lift up their eyes He does every want supply.
- 3 Sons of earth the triumph join, Praise him with the host divine; Emulate the heavenly powers; Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 4 Happy who his laws obey!
 Them he rules with milder sway;
 Pure and holy hearts alone
 Shall in heaven surround his throne.

Him, whose joy is to restore, Him let all our hearts adore: Earth and heaven repeat the cry, "Glory be to God on high."

27. P. M. Chatham's Tune. The Lord's prayer, Matt. vi, 9-13.

OUR Father, whose eternal sway? The bright angelic hosts obey,
O! lend a pitying ear;
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O! condescend to hear.

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend, May rebels to thy sceptre bend, And yield to sovereign love: May we take pleasure to fulfil The sacred dictates of thy will, As angels do above.

- 3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
 Our raiment and our daily food,
 In rich abundance come:
 Lord, give us still a fresh supply,
 If thou withhold, thy hand we die,
 And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O Goo! that rise,
 And call for vengeance from the skies;
 And while we are forgiven,
 Grant that revenge may never rest,
 And malice harbor in that breast
 That feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
 And from the wily tempter's power
 O! set our spirits free:
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all provail,
 And lead our hearts to thee.
- 6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs,
 All glory to thy name:
 Let every creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

PART II.

COSPEL DOCTRINES.

SECT. 1.

REVELATION.

28. C. M.

The inspired word a system of knowledge and joy, Psalm cxix, 105.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine; By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy, it still imparts, And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

29. P. M.

Precious Bible, Psalm xix, 10.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,

Food and med'cine, shield and sword, Let the world account me poor— Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no dauger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed—
He is meat and drink indeed.

30. C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the holy scriptures.

- FATHER of mercies in thy word, What endless glory shines! For ever be thy name ador'd For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find; Riches, above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life, and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light!

6 Divine instructer, gracious Lord, Be thou for ever near, Teach me to love thy sacred word, And view my Savior there.

31. C. M.

The light and glory of the world, Psalm xix,

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun; It gives a light to every age; It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat; His truth's upon the nations rise, They rise, but never set.
- 8 Let everlasting thanks be thine, For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

32. C. M. The riches of God's word.

LET avarice from shore to shore Her fav'rite god pursue; Thy wrod O Lord, we value more Than India or Peru.

- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy Are open'd to our sight: The purest gold without alloy, And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
 The sacred leaves unfold:
 And here the Savior's lovely face
 Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above Directs our doubtful feet:
 Here promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.
 - 33. Eights, New Jerusalem Tune.

ALL IN ALL; or the testimony concerning Jesus, the soul of prophecy, Rev. xix, 10.

- 1 THE Bible is justly esteem'd
 The glory supreme of the land,
 Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
 And brought to Jehovah's right hand.
 With pleasure we freely confess
 The Bible all books does outshine,
 But Jesus his person and grace,
 Affords it that lustre divine.
- 2 In every prophetical book
 Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
 With joy we behold as we look,
 The wonderful Savior reveal'd:

His glories project to the eye, And prove it was not his design, Those glories concealed should lie, But there in full majesty shine.

- 3 The first gracious promise to man,
 A blessed prediction appears,
 His work is the soul of the plan,
 And gives it the glory it wears.
 How cheering the truth must have been
 That Jesus the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead!
- 4 The ancient levitical law
 Was prophecy after its kind,
 In types there the faithful foresaw
 The Savior that ransom'd mankind.
 The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
 The blood that was sprinkl'd of old,
 Had life, when the people could taste
 The blessing those shadows foretold.
- 5 Review the prophetical song,
 Which shines in prediction's rich train,
 The sweetness to Jesus belongs,
 And point out his sufferings and reign:
 Sure David his harp never strung
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Savior he sung,
 And he was reve'led to his sight.

May Jesus more precious become— His word be a lamp to our feet, While we in the wilderness roam, 'Till brought in his presence to meet!

*3

Then, then will we gaze on thy face, Our prophet, our priest, and our king; Recount all thy wonders of grace, Thy praises eternally sing.

SECT. 2.

JEHOVAH: THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

34. P. M.

God praised for his perfection, Psalm cxlviii, 2.

- MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
 Hallelujah, Hal. Hal. Hal. Amen.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation, Ancient of eternal days! Sounded through the wide creation Be thy just and lawful praise: Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Brightness of thy Father's glory, Shall thy praise unutter'd lie? Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence! Sing the Lord who came to die. Hallelujah, &c.

5 Did archangels sing thy coming? Did the shepherds learn their lays? Shame would cover me ungrateful, Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hallelujah, Hal. Hal. Amen,

35. L. M.

God's encouraging names, Exod. xxxiv, 5-7.

- I SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
 His various, and his saving NAMES;
 O may they not be heard alone,
 But by our sure experience known!
- 2 Let great Jehovah be ador'd, Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord; He thro' the world most high confess'd, By whom 'twas form'd and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless The God of Abr'ham, God of Peace; Now by a dearer title known, Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry age his gracious ear
 Is open to his servants' prayer;
 Nor can one humble soul complain,
 That it hath sought its Gon in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare, In whispers to suggest a fear? While still he owns his ancient name, The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise, To thee we lift expectin eyes;

And boldly thro' the desert tread, For God will guard, where God shall lead.

36. L. M.

The unity of God, Deut. vi, 4.

- 1 ETERNAL Gon! Almighty cause Of earth, and scas, and worlds unknown; All things are subject to thy laws; All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands, Of all within itself possest; Control'd by none are thy commands; Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe; Let heaven and earth due homage pay; All other gods we disavow, Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands; Their idol-deities dethrone; Reduce the world to thy command; And reign, as thou art, God alone.

37. C. M.

Doctrine and use of the trinity, Eph. 11, 18.

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name Immortal praise we give, Who dost an act of grace proclaim, And bid'st us, rebels, live!

- 2 Immortal honor to the Son, Who makes thine anger cease; Our lives he ransom'd with his own, And dy'd to make our peace.
- 3 To the Almighty Spirit be Immortal glory given; Whose influence brings us near to thee, And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
 Adore th' eternal God;
 And spread his honors, and their joys,
 Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith and love and duty join One general song to raise; And saints in earth and heaven combine, In harmony and praise.

38. P. M.

To the Trinity, 2 Cor. xiii, 14.

- 1 HOLY, blessed, glorious THREE ONE from all eternity, Make us vessels of thy grace, Ever running o'er with praise.
- 2 Thee we laud with grateful song, Sever'd from the guilty throng, Ransom'd by thy Son who died, By thy Spirit sanctified.
- 3 O that we thy love might taste! Bless us, and we shall be bless'd; Cleanse us Lord, from sin's abuse, Fit us for the master's use!

4 In our hearts, thy temples, dwell; With the hope of glory fill: Be on earth our guest divine, Then in heaven we shall be thinc.

39. L. M.

Thanksgiving to the Trinity, Eph. 1, 3.

- 1 ETERNAL God, the thanks receive, Which thine unworthy servants give; Father of every mercy thou, Almighty, and all-gracious too!
- 2 In humble, yet exulting songs,
 Thy praises issue from our tongues,
 For that incessant boundless love,
 Which we and all thy creatures prove.
- 3 Fashion'd by thy creating hand, And by thy providence sustain'd, We wish our gratitude to shew, For all thy temporal blessings due.
- 4 But O! for this we chiefly raise
 The incense of admiring praise—
 Thy love unspeakable we own,
 Which sent the willing Savior down.
- 5 And O! so deep a sense impress
 Of thy supreme unbounded grace,
 That anthems in full choir may rise,
 And shake the earth and rend the skies!
- 6 Make us in deed, as well as word, Shew forth the praises of the Lord,

And thank him still for what he gives, Both with our lips, and in our lives!

- 7 O that, by sin no more subdu'd, We might devote ourselves to God, And only breathe to tell his praise, And in his service spend our days!
- Hail, FATHER, Hail eternal Son, Hail sacred Spirit, three in one! Blessing and thanks and power divine, Thrice holy Lord, be ever thine.

40. L. M.

God the incomprehensible, Job xi, 7.

- 1 GOD is a name my soul adores, Th'Almighty Three, th'eternal One! Nature and grace, with all their powers Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres, Bid the waves roar, and planets shine; But nothing like thyself appears, Through all these spacious works of thine
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
 From change to change the creatures run:
 Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall, And worship in submissive forms; Thy presence shakes this lower ball, This little dwelling place of worms.

- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare To sing thy glory or thy grace? Beneath thy feet we lie so far, And see but shadows of thy face!
- Who can behold this blazing light!
 Who can approach consuming flame?
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

41. L. M.

God supreme and self-sufficient, Prov. xxx, 4.

- 1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
 He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
 Where neither eye nor thought can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light; Compar'd with him, how short they fall! They are too dark and he too bright; Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo!
 Creation rose at his command:
 Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
 Bound in the hollow of his hand!
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres
 There nature leans, and feels her prop:
 But his own SELF-SUFFICIENCE bears
 The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows, Measuring their changes by the moon:

No ebb his sea of glory knows; His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round, The lofty tune let Gabriel raise; And nature-dwell upon the sound, But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

42. L. M.

The greatness and justice of God, Job ix, 4.

- 1 THE GREAT JEHOVAH! who shall dare With him to tempt unequal war; What heart of steel shall dare t'oppose, And league among his harden'd foes.
- At his command the light'nings dart,
 And swift transfix the rebel-heart:
 Earth trembles at his look, and cleaves:
 And legions sink in living graves.
- See Pharaoh sinking in the tide! See Babel's tyrant, mad with pride, Graze with the beasts! hear Herod roar, While worms his deity devour!
- 4 See from the turrets of the skies,
 Tall cherubs sink no more to rise;
 And trace their rank on thrones of light
 By heavier chains, and darker night!
- 5 GREAT GOD! and shall this soul of mine Presume to challenge wrath divine? Trembling I seek thy mercy-seat, And lay my weapons at thy feet.

43. C. M.

God's dominion and decrees, Dan. iv, 34, 35.

- KEEP silence all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod:
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown, Hang on his firm DECREE: He sits on no precarious throne, Nor borrows leave TO BE.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,
 With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book, And makes his counsels shine; Each opening leaf, and every stroke, Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres, and a crown;
 Anon, the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why, Nor God the reason gives; Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I ne'er would long to see My fate with curious eyes,

What gloomy lines are writ for me, Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In the fair book of life and grace May I but find my name, Recorded in some humble place Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

44. L. M.

God the wise and gracious, Psalm Ixii, 5.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will, Tumultuous passions all be still; Nor let a murm'ring thought arise; His ways are just, his councils wise.
- He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs his work, the cause conceals; But tho' his methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and sea, He executes his firm decree; And by his saints it stands confest, That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait, Prostrate before his awful scat; And 'midst the terrors of his rod, Trust in a wise and gracious God.

45. C. M.

God the loving sovereign, Exod. xxxiii, 19.

- 1 THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
 How wide is his command!
 Nature, with all her moving frame,
 Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne, And light his awful robe; Whilst, with a smile, or with a frown, He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath
 Can swell or sink the seas;
 Build the vast empires of the earth,
 Or break them, as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall, In all their shining forms, His Sovereign eye looks thro' them all, And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels to our worthless race
 In sweet compassion move;
 He clothes his looks with softest grace,
 And takes his title, LOVE.
- 6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
 And sway us as he will,
 Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain
 We are his fav'rites still.
- 7 No more shall peevish passion rise, The tongue no more complain;

'Tis sovereign Love that lends our joys, And love resumes again.

46. C. M.

The goodness of God, Nahum i, 7.

- YE humble souls approach your Gon With songs of sacred praise, For he is good, immensely good, And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care, In him we live and move; But nobler benefits declare The wonders of his love.
- He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lorn, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard, The souls who trust in thee; Their humble hope thou wilt regard, With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love, What honors shall we raise? Not all the raptur'd songs above, Can render equal praise,

*4

47. L. M.

The lowing kindness of the Lord, Isa. lxiii, 7.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me, His loving kindness O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all; He sav'd me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness O how strong!
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving kindness O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart, Prone from my Jesus to depart; But tho' I have him oft forgot, His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal powers must fail; O! may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,

And sing with rapture and surprise His loving-kindness in the skies.

48. C. M.

Mercy and truth met together; or the harmony of the divine perfections, Psalm lxxxv, 10.

1 WHEN first the Gop of boundless grace Disclos'd his kind design, To rescue our apostate race From mis'ry, shame, and sin;

- 2 Quick, through the realms of light and bliss, The joyful tidings ran; Each heart exulted at the news, That Gon would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile And asked with strange surprise, "But how can injur'd justice smile; "Or look with pitying eyes?
- 4 ["Will the Almighty deign again "To visit yonder world; "And hither bring rebellious men, "Whence rebels once were hurl'd?
- 5 "Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
 "Aloud for mercy call;
 "But ah! must truth and righteousness

"To mercy victims fall?"

"To mercy victims fall?"

6 So spake the friends of Gon and man, Delighted, yet surpris'd; Eager to know the wond'rous plan, That wisdom had devis'd.]

7 The Son of God attentive heard, And quickly thus reply'd, "In me let mercy be rever'd, "And justice satisfy'd.

8 "Behold! my vital blood I pour,
"A sacrifice to Gon;
"Let angry justice now no more
"Demand the sinner's blood."

9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung, With shouts of loud applause; "He dy'd," the friendly angels sung, Nor cease their rapturous joys.

94. P. M.

Divine mercy celebrased, Ps. Ixxxix, i, cxxxvi.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song;

The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue: Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last, Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast

2 Without thy free mercy I could not live here; Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair: But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive, And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3 Whone'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins To melt me and then I can mourn for my sins; And, led by the Spirit to Jesus's blood, [new'd. My sorrows are dry'd and my strength is re-

4Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart; Dissolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the ground And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

5Thy mercy is endless, most tender and free; No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me; No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course; Good works are the fruits of its freeness and force.

6Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell; Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell; 'Twas Jesus my friend when he hung on the tree,

That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

7Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own, And covenant love of thy crucified Son; All praise to the Spirit whose witness divine Seals mercy and pardon, and righteousnes's MINE.

50. L. M.

Divine goodness, Ezra iii, 11.

1 TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns, Through all the wide celestial plains; And its full streams redundant flow Down to th' abodes of men below.

- Thro' nature's works its glories shine; The cares of providence are thine: And grace erects our ruin'd frame, A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart
 To taste, and feel, how good thou art:
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song; Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong: Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise, All vocal with your Maker's praise.
- 5 Ye saints with joy the theme pursue, Its sweetest notes belong to you; Elected by your heavenly king, For ever round his throne to sing.

51. L. M.

God exalted above all praise.

- 1 ETERNAL power! whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; Infinite length, beyond the bounds Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step above thy seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
 In vain the tall archangel tries
 To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do? We would adore our Maker too;

From sin and dust to thee we cry, The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH!

- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame, And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name; But O, the glories of thy mind Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 Gon is in heaven, but man below; Be short our tunes; our words be few: A sacred reverence checks our songs, And praise sits silent on our tongues.

SECT. 3.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

52. L.M.

All thy works praise THEE.

- 1 TO God the universal king Let all mankind their tribute bring; All that have breath your voices raise, In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread, And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head, A large and solemn temple frame, To celebrate its Builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun that rules the day, As thro' the sky ne makes his way, To all the world proclaims aloud The boundless sov'reignty of Gop.

- 4 When from his courts the sun retires, And with the day his voice expires, The moon and stars adopt the song, And thro' the night the praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
 Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
 And all her tribes the notes repeat,
 That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man endow'd with nobler pow'rs, His God in nobler strains adores: His is the gift to know the song, As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

53. L. M.

A summary view of the creation, Gen. i.

- 1 LOOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
 To Him who dwells above the skies;
 With your glad notes his praise rehearse
 Who form'd the mighty universe.
- 2 He spoke, and from the womb of night At once sprang up the cheering light; Him discord heard and at his nod Beauty awoke, and spoke the Gon.
- 3 The word he gave th' obedient sun Began his glorious grace to run: Nor silver moon, nor stars delay To glide along th' etherial way.
- 4 Teeming with life, air, earth, and sea Obey th' Almighty's high decree;

To every tribe he gives their food, Then speaks the whole divinely good.

- 5 But to complete the wond'rous plan, From earth and dust he fashions man; In man the last, in him the best, The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view, Form thou my heart and soul anew; Here bid thy purest light to shine, And beauty glow with charms divine.

54. P. M.

A song to creating wisdom.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise, Thee the creation sings; With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
 How glorious to behold!
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round, And strike the gazing sight, Thro' skies, and seas, andsolid ground, With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill Shine thro' the worlds abroad; Our souls with vast amazement fill And speak the builder Gop.

5

5 But still the wonders of thy grace Our softer passions move; Pity divine in Jesus' face We see, adore, and love.

55. L. M.

God our light, 2 Cor. iv, 6.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might, With uncreated glories bright! His presence gilds the worlds above; Th' unchanging source of light and love.
- Our rising earth his eye beheld, When in substantial darkness veil'd; The shapeless chaos, nature's womb, Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said, And light o'er all its face was spread: Nature, array'd in charms unknown, Gay with its new born lustre shone.
 - 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies In shades of ignorance and vice; And darts from heaven a vivid ray, And changes midnight into day.
 - 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigor shine On this benighted heart of mine; And let thy glories stand reveal'd, As in our Savior's face beheld.
 - 6 My soul, reviv'd by heaven-born day, Thy radiant image shall display,

While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

56. L. M.
God's goodness to the children of men, Psalme cvii, 31.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord;
 And let his power and goodness sound
 Thro' all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light; Where sun and moon and planets roll, And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
 - 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd, Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade; Peopled with life of various forms, Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
 - 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains, And think how wide its Maker reigns; That band remotest nations joins, And on each wave his goodness shines.
 - 5 But O! that brighter world above, Where lives and reigns incarnate love God's only Son, in flesh array'd, For man a bleeding victim made.
 - 6 Thither my soul with rapture soar There in the land of praise adore; The theme demands an angel's lay, Demands an everlasting day.

57. L. M.

Creation's harmony.

- 1 THE spacious firmanent on high, Withall the blue etherial sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Doth his Creator's power display, And publishes, to every land, The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly, to the listning earth, Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark, terrestial ball; What though no real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found:
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing, as they shine— "The hand that made us is divine."

Creation and providence.

- LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.
- Where'er we turn our gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms, In earth, and sea, and air; The meanest flies, the smallest worms Almighty power declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear:
 And O! let man thy praise record,
 Man, thy distinguish'd care!

PAUSE.

- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
 That breath thy power maintains;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Yet nobler favors claim his praise, Of reason's light possess'd; By revelation's brightest rays, Still more divinely bless'd.

- 7 Thy providence his constant guard, When threatening woes impend; Or will th' impending dangers ward, Or timely succors lend.
- 8 On us that providence has shone
 With gentle smiling rays;
 O, may our lips and lives make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise!

Storms and afflictions, Mark iv, 39.

- GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine:
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.
- Wide as they sweep their sounding way, They work thy sovereign will; And aw'd by thy majestic voice, Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers ever blast
 To them that seek thy face;
 And mingles with the tempest's roar,
 The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear, Till all the tumults cease; And gales of paradise shall sooth My weary soul to peace.

60. L. M.

Creatures mutable, Psalm cii, 25-28.

- 1 GREAT former of this various frame, Our souls adore thine awful name; And bow and tremble while they praise, The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey, Saw'st nature rising yesterday; And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- Eeyond an angel's vision bright,
 Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
 Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
 While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

- PAUSE.

- 4 Our days a transient period run, And change with every circling sun; And, in the firmest state we boast, A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around: Let death consign us to the ground; Let the last general flame arise, And melt the arches of the skies,
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we Can all the wreck of nature see, While grace secures us an abode, Unshaken as the throne of God,

God the provider, Gen. xxii, 14.

- I FATHER of love! from age to age
 The wonders of thy grace,
 The heart and lips of saints engage,
 In cheerful songs, to praise.
- 2 Creatures in various trains to thee Raise the dependant eye; Thy stores of goodness rich and free, Their various wants supply.
- 3 But O! the treasures of thy love, To man's apostate race, Are boundless mysteries, far above Both man's and angel's praise.
- 4 Jesus! in whom all fulness dwells,
 Thro' endless years the same,
 To every hungry soul reveals
 The glories of his name.
- 5 Thousands in this dark world below, His faithfulness attest; In worlds above ten thousand know, That humble souls are blest.

62. C. M.

Providence reviewed, Psalm ciii, 1-5.

1 WHEN all thy mercies. O tay God, My rising soul surveys; Transported with the view I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd;

3 When in the slippery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe, And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 When nature fails, and day and night Divide thy works no more, My ever grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

63. C. M.

Life reviewed, Deut. viii, 2.

WHEN, o'er the trodden paths of life, Backwards I turn mine eyes, What varied scenes, throughout the road, Awaken my surprise!

- 2 Thousands, to whom my natal hour Imparted vital breath, Just looked on life, and closed their eyes In the fast sleep of death.
- 3 Thousands, who climb'd to manhood's stage; Safe through unnumber'd snares; Travell'd not far before they sunk Amidst its thorns and cares.
- 4 Follow'd thro' every changing stage,
 With goodness all my days,
 Deny me not a heart to love,
 A tongue to speak thy praise.
- Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee,
 My grateful lips shall give;
 And, while I make thy grace my trust,
 To thee alone I'll live.
 - 6 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee,
 Echo along the road;
 O! may I join those endless songs,
 That fill thy blest abode.

The mysteries of Providence; or light shining out of darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'reign will.
 - 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
 - 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face.
 - 5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour, The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
 - 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err And scan his work in vain; God is his own interpreter, And he will make it plain.

65. L. M.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii, 7.

- 1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways Are hid from mortal sight; Wrapt in impenetrable shades, Or cloth'd with dazzling light.
- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace Eyade the human eye;

The nearer we attempt t' approach, The farther off they fly.

- 3 But in the world of bliss above Where thou dost ever reign,
 Thy mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
 And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there His brightest beams display, And not a hovering cloud obscure That never-ending day.

66. P. M.

Universal praise, Psalm cxlv, 3.

- BEGIN my soul, th'exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name:
 Lo! heaven and earth and sea and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye fields of light celestial plains, Where gay transporting beauty reigns, Ye scenes divinely fair, Your Makers wond 'rous power proclaim, Tell how he form'd your shining frame, And breath'd the fluid air.
- 3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound, While all th' adoring thrones around. His boundless mercy sing:

Let every listening saint above Wake all the tuneful soul of love, And touch the sweetest string.

- 4 Let every element rejoice,
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
 To him who bids you roll:
 His praise in softer notes declare:
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breath it to the soul.
- 5 Let man, by noblest passions sway'd
 The feeling heart, the thoughtful head,
 In heavenly praise employ:
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
 The general burst of joy!

67. L. M.

General praise.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise, To God the song triumphant raise; Light forms his robe and round his head The heavens their ample curtains spread.
- 2 On firmest base, uprear'd, the earth To him ascribes her wondrous birth: He spake, and o'er each mountain's head The deep its watery mantle spread.
- 3 He spake, and from the whelming flood Again their tops emergent stood; And fast adown their bending side, With refluent streams, the currents glide.

- 4 His shewers with verdure crown the hills The earth with various fruits he fills; Preventive of their wants, his aid Yields to the brutes the springing blade.
- 5 For man chief object of his care,
 His hands the foodful herb prepare;
 The gladdening wine, refreshing oil,
 And bread that strings his nerves for toil.
- 6 Great God, in ceaseless strains, my tongue Shall meditate the grateful song, And long as breath informs my frame, The wonders of thy love proclaim.

Praise to God.

- BEGIN the high, celestial strain, My ravish'd soul, and sing
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise, To heaven's almighty king.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll Your silver waves along, Whisper to all your verdant shores The subject of my song.
- 3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings, To distant climes away, And round the wide extended world The lofty theme convey.

4 Take the glad burden of his name, Ye clouds, as ye arise, Whether to deck the golden morn Or shade the evening skies.

5 Long let it tremble round the spheres, And eaho through the sky; Till angels, with immortal skill, Improve the harmony:

While we, with sacred rapture fir'd, The blest Creator sing; And chant our consecrated lays To heaven's eternal King.

69. L. M.

Universal praise.

- 1 YE blest inhabitants of heaven, To God be all your praises given; O praise him from the realms that lie Above the reach of mortal eye.
- 2 Nor let the heaven his praise confine;
 O, all the earth, the chorus join:
 Ye beasts, that range th' uncultur'd soil,
 Or patient lend to man your toil.
- 3 Ye youthful bands, and virgin choir, Each lisping babe, and hoary sire, Wake to his name your grateful songs; To him alone all praise belongs.
- 4 His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows
 Nor highest heaven its limit knows:

O come, your thankful voices raise, And consecrate to him your praise.

70. P. M.

Grateful praise to the God of nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 LET every tuneful accent rise
 To him that rules the earth and skies,
 The infinite unknown;
 His goodness shines around the sphere,
 And richly crowns the rolling year
 With blessings from his throne.
- 2 'Tis he ordains the blooming spring, Her softest, sweetest charms to bring, And wear her lovely dress; 'Tis he that clothes the fertile vale, Bids fragrance breathe in every gale, The rural scene to bless.
- 3 But he hath richer gifts in store,
 For which our grateful hearts adore
 The Source of every good;
 He gives us rebels lost in sin,
 Pardon and peace, and life divine,
 Through a Redeemer's blood.
- 4 When destitute of help and hope,
 His sovereign mercy rais'd us up,
 And snatch'd us from despair;
 So free, so boundless is his love,
 He calls us to the realms above,
 And soon shall bring us there.

5 Our voices should in concert join, In songs of harmony divine, The theme is ever new; Let music all her graces bring, Awake, awake each tuneful string, To pay the tribute due.

SECT. 4.

MAN'S APOSTASY; HIS STATE BY NATURE AND SINFUL WAYS.

71. C. M.

Man's apostasy and ruin, 1 Cor. xv, 22.

- 1 WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts,
 A blasted world survey!
 See the wide ruin sin hath wrought
 In one unhappy day!
- 2 Adam, in God's own image form'd, From God and bliss estrang'd! And all the joys of paradise For guilt and horror chang'd!
- 3 O fatal heritage, bequeath'd
 To all his helpless race!
 Thro' the thick maze of sin and woe,
 Thus to the grave we pass.
- 4 But, O my soul, with rapture hear The second Adam's name;

And the celestial gifts he brings To all his seed proclaim.

5 Praise to his rich mysterious grace!
E'en by our fall we rise;
And gain for earthly Eden lost,
A heavenly paradise.

72. C. M.

Indwelling sin lamented.

- WITH tears of anguish I lament, Here at thy feet, my God, My passion, pride, and discontent, And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base So false as mine has been; So faithless to its promises, So prone to every sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands Are holy, just, and true; Tells me whate'er my God demands Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh, And all her words approve: But still I find it hard t'obey, And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel These struggles in my breast? When wilt thou bow my stubborn will, And give my conscience rest?

6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm And set the captive free: Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm, And haste to rescue me.

73. S. M.

The evil heart, Jer. xvii, 9; Matt. xv, 19.

- 1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd
 I turn mine eyes within;
 My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
 The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crouds of evil thoughts, What vile affections there! Distrust, presumption, artful guile, Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty king of saints,
 These tyrant lusts subdue;
 Expel the darkness of my mind,
 And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice Shall loud Hosannas raise; My soul shall glow with gratitude My lips proclaim thy praise.

30. C. M.

The deceitfulness of sin, Heb. iii, 15,

1 ALAS! this adamantine heart, This icy rock within! Alas! these active powers congeal'd By the deceits of sin.

2 Canst thou my soul, to heaven allied, A native of the sky, . Thus, in ignoble fetters bound, A willing captive lie?

3 What! cannot all the melting charms Of a Redeemer's love, Nor thunderbolts of wrath divine This flinty bosom move?

4 O let that rock asunder break Before thy awful face; Or rather melt away beneath Thy milder beams of grace.

75. L. M.

The madness of sin, Isa. xxxiii, 14.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die; Daring to leap to world's unknown, Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate, Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams, Madly attempt th' infernal gate, And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner on the gospel plains, Behold the God of love unfold The glories of his dying pains, For ever telling yet untold.

76. L. M.

The effects of the fall lamented, Psalm cxix, 136, 158.

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise; To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame; See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name; The Father wounded thro' the Son The world abus'd; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight Closing in everlasting night;— In flames, that no abatement know, Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene; My bowels yearn o'er dying men; And fain my pity would reclaim, And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves, And can but weep where most it loves; Thy own all-saving arm employ, And turn these drops of grief to joy.

77. L. M.

Sin's desert and pardoning grace, Job xi, 4-

1 GREAT God! beneath thy piercing eye, Prostrate our guilty souls would lie, Conscious that sin, which sunk us low, Might sink us yet to deeper woe.

- 2 Thy vengeance might have fix'd our doom Where messengers of peace ne'er come; Where night eternal shuts out day, And black despair hope's gladd'ning ray.
- 3 Lo, we are vile, shall we complain? Unless it be "unclean! unclean!" Hear, from the dust, our broken sigh, And pity, or we hopeless die.
- 4 Listen! what gladdening music cheers Our hopes, and sinks our slavish fears; "Arise," he says, "no more distrust, "And weep no more in hopeless dust.
- 5 "Come, and your naked souls I'll dress "In robes of grace and righteousness; "My hand the poorest can supply, "And wipe the most despondent eye."
- 6 Lord, 'tis enough; we know thy voice; Our tongues and hearts in thee rejoice; We'll tell aloud thy matchless grace, And spread thro' world's to come thy praise.

SECT. 5.

THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

78. P. M.

Redeeming love, Psalm cxi, 9

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud in Jesu's name; Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove, Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Savior's face; As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless redeeming love:
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears, Banish all your guilty fears; See your guilt and curse remove, Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been Willing slaves of death and sin, Now from bliss no longer rove, Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest, Welcome to the Savior's breast; Nothing brought him from above, Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring, Strike aloud each joyful string,

Mortals join the host above, Join to praise redeeming love.

79. C. M.

Support in God's cov'nant under trouble,
2 Sam. xxiii, 5.

- 1 MY God, the covenant of thy love Abides for ever sure, And in its matchless grace I feel My happiness secure.
- 2 What tho' my house be not with thee, As nature could desire? To nobler joys than nature gives, Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God, My father art become; Jesus my guardian and my friend, And heaven my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
 For all that will is love:
 And when I know not what thou dost
 I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant the last accent claims Of this poor faltering tongue; And that shall the first notes employ Of my celestial song.

God glorious and sinners saved, Isa. xliv, 23.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines, How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power, Their motions speak thy skill; And on the wings of every hour We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ,
 They shew the labor of thine hands:
 Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But, when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms:
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe: We love, and we adore! The first archangel never saw So much of God before.
- 6 Here the whole Deity is known; Nor dare a creature guess Which of the glories brightest shone, The justice or the grace.

7

Mercy and truth met together; or, the harmony of the divine perfections, Psm. lxxxv, 10.

- 1 WHEN first the God of boundless grace Disclos'd his kind design, To rescue our apostate race From mis'ry, shame, and sin;
- 2 Quick, through the realms of light and bliss The joyful tidings ran; Each heart exulted at the news, That God would dwell with man.
- 2 Yet 'midst their joys they paused awhile, And ask'd with strange surprise, "But how can injur'd justice smile, "Or look with pitying eyes?
- 4 ["Will the Almighty deign again
 "To visit yonder world;
 "And hither bring rebellious men,
 "Whence rebels once were hurl'd?
- 5 "Their tears, and groans, and deep distress "Aloud for mercy call;
 "But ah! must truth and righteousness
 "To mercy victims fall?"
- 6 So spake the friends of God and man, Delighted, yet surpris'd; Eager to know the wond'rous plan, That wisdom had devis'd.]

- 7 The Son of God attentive heard, And quickly thus reply'd, "In me let mercy be rever'd, "And justice satisfy'd.
- \$ "Behold! my vital blood I pour, "A sacrifice to God; "Let angry justice now no more "Demand the sinner's blood."
- 9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung, With shouts of loud applause; "He dy'd," the friendly angels sung, Nor cease their rapturous joys.

82. L. M.

God's works of grace, Isa. xliv, 23.

- LET heaven burst forth into a song, Let earth reflect the joyful sound; Ye mountains, with the echo ring, And shout ye forests all around.
- 2 The Lord his Israel hath redeem'd, Hath made his mourning people glad; And the rich glories of his name In their salvation hath display'd.
- 3 Unnumber'd sins, like sable clouds, Veil'd every cheerful ray of joy, And thunders murmured thro' the gloom, While lightnings pointed to destroy.

- 4 He spoke and all the clouds dispersed, And heaven unveil'd its shining face: The whole creation smiled anew, Deck'd in the golden beams of grace:
- 5 Israel, return with humble love, Return to thy Redeemer's breast, And charm'd by his melodious voice, Compose thy weary powers to rest.

83. S. M.

Praise for divine grace, Eph. ii, 5.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to my ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way To save rebellious man; And all redemption's works display That grace which drew the plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

84. P. M.

Praise to Jesus the Lamb of God, Rev. v, 12.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,
 Publish through earth abroad
 Jesus's fame:
 Tell what his love has done;
 Trust in his name alone,
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 Worthy the Lamb!
- Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
 Dry up your mournful tears!
 Join our glad theme:
 Beauty for ashes bring,
 Strike each melodious string,
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 Worthy the Lamb!
 - Hark, how the choirs above,
 Fill'd with the Savior's love,
 Dwell on his name;
 There too may we be found,
 With light and glory crown'd
 While all the heavens resound,
 Worthy the Lamb!

*17

3

SECT. 6.

THE GOSPEL.—CHRIST—HIS INCARNATION—WORK—SUFFERINGS—DEATH—RESURRECTION—ASCENSION—INTERCESSION—OFFICES AND CHARACTERS.

85. L. M.

The gospel of Christ.

- 1 GOD in the gospel of his Son, Makes his eternal councils known; 'Tis here his richest mercy shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame May taste his grace, and learn his name; 'Tis writ in characters of blood Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways, His soul-attracting charms displays, Recounts his poverty and pains, And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
 Its influence makes the sinner live,
 It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls, And comfort yields to contrite souls;

It brings a better world in view, And guides us all our journey thro,

6 May this blest volume ever lie Close to my heart, and near my eye, 'Till life's last hour my soul engage, And be my chosen heritage!

86. P. M.

Old Testament gospel; or, the ceremonial law

- 1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learned the gospel too:
 The types and figures were a glass.
 In which they saw the Savior's face.
- The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once apply'd with power,
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile an angry God.
- The lamb, the dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood, of matchless worth,
 Should be the soul's defence;
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must have no failings of his own.
- The scape-goat on his head The people's trespass bore,

And to the desert led, Was to be seen no more: In him our surety seem'd to say, "Behold, I bear your sins away."

- Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free;
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea;
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Savior's death discharg'd.
- God Jesus, I love to trace,
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in every age!
 O grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

87. P. M.

The gospel jubilee, Lev. xxv, 8-13.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:

CHORUS.

The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home,

2 Exalt the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption by his blood, Thro' all the world proclaim,

- Ye, who have sold for nought Your heritage above, Shall have it back, unbought, The gift of Jesus' love.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive: And safe in Jesus dwell, And bless'd in Jesus live.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heavenly grace. Ye happy souls, draw near, Behold your Savior's face.
- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad.

The incarnation of Christ, 2 Cor. ix, 15.

- IN heaven the rapt'rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Thro' all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew, And loud the echo roll'd; The theme, the song, the joy was new, 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

- 3 Down thro' the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
- 4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.
- With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high;
 "Good-will and peace are now complete,
 "Jesus was born to die."
- 6 Hail, prince of life, for ever hail!
 Redeemer, brother, friend!
 Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

89. L. M.

Nativity of Christ, Luke ii, 13, 14.

- HARK! the herald-angels sing, "Glory to the new-born king: Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With the angelic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd, Christ, the everlasting Lord;

Late in time behold him come, Offspring of a virgin's womb.

- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see, Hail th' incarnate Deity! Pleas'd as man with men t'appear Jesus, our Emmanuel, here.
- 5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace! Hail the sun of righteousness! Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth,
 Born, to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us thy humble home; Rise the woman's conquering seed, Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface, Stamp thine image in its place; Second Adam, from above, Re-instate us in thy love.

90. P. M.

The Savior's birth, Luke ii, 10, 11.

1 SPIRIT divine descend, With thy celestial fire; Our mortal notes befriend, And all our hearts inspire;

A theme more grand Was never sung By human tongue, Or heavenly band.

Well might th' angelic choirs All struck with glad amaze, In such a song conspire, And unknown anthems raise:

Well might they wake, And bid our race, (Hymning the grace) Their joys partake.

3 "Glory to God on high,"
Resounds each heavenly hill!
"Peace, peace, on earth," they cry,
"To man, to man, good-will!
"From shore to shore,
"Hail the bright morn;

"Hail the bright morn;
"A Savior's born
"Whom we adore."

91. P. M.

Praise for the incarnation, Luke xix, 10.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows Charm me in Emmanuel's name; All her hopes my spirit owes To his birth, and cross, and shame.

- When he came, the angels sung, "Glory be to God on high;"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue, Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become, That he might the law fulfil; Bleed and suffer in my room, And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.

92. C. M.

Praise to the incarnate Savior, Phil. ii, 77

- 1 AWAKE, awake, the sacred song, To our incarnate Lord; Let every heart and every tongue, Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 Then shone almighty power and love, In all their glorious forms; When Jesus left his throne above, To dwell with sinful worms.
- 3 To dwell with misery below, The Savior left the skies; And sunk to wretchedness and woe That worthless man might rise.
- 4 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
 To hail the joyful day:

8

With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

93. C. M.

Christ's ministry and work, Luke iv, 18, 19.

- 1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviors comes, The Savior promised long! Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd, Exerts its sacred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release, In satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before him burst, The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure; And, with the treasures of his grace, T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace. Thy welcome shall proclaim;

And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

. 94. L. M.

The Savior's readiness to die, Isa. Ixi, 1-3.

- 1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
 "A year of freedom to declare,
 "From debts and bondage to discharge,
 "And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.
- 2 "A day of vengeance I proclaim,
 "But not on man the storm shall fall;
 "On me its thunders shall descend,
 "My strength, my love, sustains them all."
- 3 Stupendous favor! matchless grace! Jesus has died that we might live; Not worlds below, nor worlds above, Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To Him who loved our ruined race, And for our lives laid down his own, Let songs of joyful praises rise, Sublime, eternal as his throne!

95. C. M.

Christ crucified, Gal. iii, 1.

BEHOLD the Savior of mankind, Nail'd to the shameful tree! How vast the love that him inclin'd, To bleed, my soul, for thee!

- 2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's veil in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid: Receive my soul, he cries; See where he bows his sacred head; He bows his head and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine; O Lamb of God, was ever pain, Was ever love like thine!

96. L. M.

The crucifixion, Matt. xxvii, 50.

- 1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Savior dies; Hark! his expiring groans arise! See, from his hands, his feet, his side, Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound, And flows from every bleeding wound; The vital stream how free it flows, To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- To suffer in the traitor's place, To die for man, surprising grace! Yet pass rebellious angels by— O why for man, dear Savior why?
- 4. And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed!
 And could the sun behold the deed?

No, he withdrew his sickening ray, And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and wonder flow; And yet my heart unmoved remain, Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart; To warm this cold, this stupid heart; 'Till all its powers and passions move, In melting grief and ardent love.

97. C. M.

The attraction of the cross, John xii, 32.

- 1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see Th' incarnate Son of God, Expiring on the accursed tree, And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run Down from his hands and head: The crimson tide puts out the sun; His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the dark'ned sky Proclaim the truth aloud: And with the amaz'd Centurion cry, "This is the son of God."
- So great, so vast a sacrifice May well my hope revive:

If God's own son thus bleeds and dies, The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

98. P. M.

Jesus the atoning Savior, Lam. i, 12.

ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is,

Come see if there ever was sorrow like his!

2 The Lord, in the day
Of vengeance did lay
Our sins on the lamb, and he bore them away.
He dies to atone

For sins not his own;

Our debt he hath paid, and our work he hath done.

For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free,
My pardon I claim,
A sinner I am,

A sinner believing in Jesus's name,

With joy we approve
The plan of his love;
A wonder below and a wonder above!
When time is no more,
We still will adore
That ocean of love, without bottom or shore?

99. S. M.

Christ's dying love, John xv, 13.

- WE sing the Savior's love, That pitied wretched man, Delighting in the thoughts of peace, Ere time and worlds began.
- We see its smiling ray
 Out shining at his birth,
 And trace its lustre day by day,
 While he sojourned on earth.
- 3 But, in his closing hour, How infinite his grace! When bow'd beneath the curse, he died, To save our ruin'd race.
- Ten thousand thousand songs,
 With the first scraph's flame,
 Sink far below th' unbounded praise
 Due to Immanuel's name.

100. P. M.

It is finished, John xix, 50.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rock asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Savior cry!
- 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure Do these charming words afford! Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord. It is finish'd! Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Tune our harps anew, ye scraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth and all in heaven
 Join to praise Immanuel's name!
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

101. L. M.

Jesus Christ victorious in death, Eph. iii, 19.

PROCLAIM inimitable love!
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay!

- 2 He that distributes crowns and thrones Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans; The Prince of life resigns his breath, The King of glory bows to death!
- 3 But see the wonders of his power, He triumphs in his dying hour! And, while by satan's rage he fell, He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 4 Thus were the hopes of death subdu'd, And sin was drown'd in Jesus blood: Then he arose, and reigns above, And conquers sinners by his love.

102. L. M.

It is finish'd, John xix, 30.

- 1 'TIS finish'd, so the Savior cried, And meekly bow'd his head and died. 'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed, And all the ancient prophets said Is now fulfill'd as was design'd, In me the Savior of mankind.
- Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more Must stain his robe with purple gore. The sacred veil is rent in twain, And Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
 Shall sins of every kind atone:
 Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
 By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—Heaven is reconcil'd, And all the powers of darkness spoil'd: Peace, love, and happiness again Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound Be heard thro' all the nations round: 'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky:

103. P. M.

Finish'd redemption, John xix, 30.

- "'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow'd his dying head;
 O wondrous loving pain!
 Come, sinners, and mark well the word;
 There view the conquests of our Lord,
 Complete for helpless man.
- Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
 Finish'd the pain that bought our peace;
 The sinner's debt is paid:
 Accusing law, cancell'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a release can shew:
Justice itself a friend appears,
The prison house a whisper hears,
"Loose him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
Why dost thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
And silence every cry.

103. L. M.

Christ's death and resurrection, Rom. iv, 25.

- HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo, Salem's daughters, weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints and drop a tear or two
 For Him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glory dies for men! But lo! what sudden joys we see! Jesus the dead revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb, (In vain the tomb forbids his rise!)

Cherubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies!

- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great deliverer reigns; Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the monster, death, in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous king!
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 And "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

105. C. M.

Looking at the cross.

- I IN evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame and fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree, In agonies and blood; Who fix'd his languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt, And plung'd me in despair;

I saw my sins his blood had spilt, And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said, "I freely all forgive; "This blood is for thy ransom paid; "I die that thou may'st live."

7 Thus while his death my sin displays In all its blackest hue, (Such is the mystery of grace) It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy My spirit now is fill'd, That I should such a life destroy, Yet liv'd by him I kill'd.

106. P. M.

The crucifixion.

1 IS this my Jesus, this my God,
Whose body, all o'erstain'd with blood,
Hangs on th' accursed tree;
Who bows his head oppress'd with pain:
But midst it all doth not complain?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

2 Is this my bleeding sacrifice, Who bows his head and calmly dies, High lifted on the tree? Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews, Whom almost all mankind refuse? Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

3 And shall my soul again forget
His love, so free, immensely great?
No, never let it be!
But let me always see the Lamb,
And truly praise his gracious name
To all eternity!

107. C. M.

Christ's sufferings on the cross.

- 1 'TWAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd, And pow'rs of darkness rose, A sudden groan my ear assail'd, Expressing dying woes.
- 2 I turn'd, then wonder'd as I stood, At what mine eyes survey'd! A Prince expiring in his blood, And on a cross display'd!
- 3 I knew him, tho' his thorny crown Dimm'd his majestic air; Then I demanded, with a frown, "What traitor fix'd him there?"
- 4 No answer to my voice I heard, Nor could discern a foe;

When lo! his fainting head he rear'd, And spoke in words of woe—

5 "Cease, wretch, from vain inquiry rest; "My cruel murd'rer see;

"Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast, "And nail'd me to the tree."

6 Trembling I fell and kiss'd his wounds, And wip'd the gore away; I saw him smooth his killing frowns, And heard him gently say;

7 "Rise, let thy heart its grief compose, "Thy Savior will forgive; "He feels the burden of thy woes, "And dies to bid thee live."

109. P. M.

Gazing on the cross, Gal. iv, 14.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend!
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing Mercy's streams in streams of blood; Precious drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling, In all need to Jesus go; Prove his blood each day more healing, And himself more deeply know.

109. C. M.

"Precious blood," 1 Pet. i, 19.

- 1 LET the bold skeptic still deride, My hope in Jesus crucify'd, When he for sinners stood Their surety, and a ransom paid, When all my sins were on him laid; How precious is his blood!
- 5 To satan and to sin a slave,
 Nor pow'r to rescue or to save,
 From thraldom and from woe!
 Jesus appear'd, and set me free;
 By "precious blood" he rescued me
 From my infernal foe!
- 3 Justice appear'd! the law I broke,
 In wrathful accents daily spoke,
 My sentence to proclaim;
 But now my Maker can forgive;
 By "precious blood" shall I receive
 Pardon thro' Jesus' name!
- 4 My boast is Jesus crucify'd, By "precious blood" I'm justify'd, Accepted in my Lord:

His blood shall cleanse from every stain, And peace and purity I gain,— Its wonders I record!

5 Ye trembling sinners, thankful hear The voice of mercy, nor despair, Nor weep a useless flood! Behold the Lamb for sinners slain. Pardon and peace you shall obtain Thro' Jesus' "precious blood!"

110. C. M.

Praise to the Savior.

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream, [pale beam Our Savior at midnight, when Cynthia's Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,

And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet:

O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet, Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, [skies. And join the full chorus that gladdens the

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head,

How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed,

The angels astonish'd grew sad at the sight.

And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

Chorus.—Come saints, &c.

3 O garden of Olivet, dear honor'd spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot, The theme most transporting to Seraphs above,

The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love Chorus.—Come saints,

111. L. M.

Christ's death and resurrection, Acts ii, 32---36.

- 1 COME tune, ye saints your noble strains, Your dying, rising Lord to sing; And echo to the heav'nly plains, The triumphs of your Savior king.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell How he subdu'd your potent foes; Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell, And dying finish'd all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high Return'd while hymning angels round, Thro' the bright arches of the sky, The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious pow'r!
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,
 The joys of that illustrious day.

- 6 Then well may mortals try in vain, In vain their feeble voices raise; Yet Jesus hears the humble strain, And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Savior let thy wond'rous grace Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue, 'Till the full glories of thy face Inspire a sweeter, nobler song,

EASTER ANTHEM.

HALLELUIA! The Lord is risen indeed! Halleluia! Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Halleluia! And did he rise? Hear, O ye nations! Hear it, O ye dead! He rose! He burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave. Then I rose! Then first humanity triumphant pass'd the chrystal ports of light, and seiz'd eternal youth. Man, all-immortal, Hail! Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss!

[See part 1 of this work, for hymns on the resurrection of Christ.]

113. P. M.

Ascension.

1 HAIL the day that see him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes! Christ, awhile to mortals given, Re-ascends his native heaven! There the pompous triumph waits, "Lift your heads eternal gates! "Wide unfold the radiant scene, "Take the King of glory in!"

- 2 Him tho' highest heaven receives, Still he loves the earth he leaves; Though returning to his throne; He can ne'er forget his own: Still for them he intercedes, Prevalent his death he pleads; Next himself prepares their place, Savior of the ransom'd race.
- 3 Ever upwards may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home!
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

114. P. M.

Christ's exaltation, Eph. iv, 10.

- 1 FAR above yon glorious ceiling Of the azure, vaulted sky, Jesus sits, his grace revealing To the splendid troops on high.
- 2 Host seraphic, humbly bowing, At his footstool prostrate fall;

Saints and angels all avowing, God in Christ their all in all.

115. C. M.

Christ adored by angels, 1 Tim. iii, 16.

1 BEYON D the glittering starry sky,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels strong and fair, In countless armies shine At his right hand with golden harps, To offer songs divine.

3 "Hail prince!" (they cry) "for ever hail! "Whose unexampled love "Mov'd thee to quit those blissful realms, "And royalties above."

4 Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend:
Oft wondering how or where, at last
This mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds, His crimson sweat and gore; They saw him break the bars of death, Which none e'er broke before.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapt their triumphant wings and cry'd
"The glorious work is done!"

116. L. M.

The exalted Savior.

- 1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains, And join the blissful choir above; There our exalted Savior reigns, And there they sing his wondrous love.
- While seraphs tune the immortal song, O may we feel the sacred flame; And every heart and every tongue Adore the Savior's glorious name!
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expir'd;
 Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
 How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!
- 4 Jesus, who dy'd that we might live, Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;— O what returns can mortals give, For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours, And art with all her boasted store; Nature and art with all their powers, Would still confess the offerer poor!
- 6 Yet tho' for bounty so divine!
 We ne'er can equal honors raise,
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

117. C. M.

Christ the Lord of all, Cant. iii, 11.

- 1 ALL-hail, the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God, Who from his altar call; Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; There join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

118. L. M.

Christ the intersessor, Heb. vii, 25,

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)
 And now, before, his Father God,
 Pleads the full merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears, And justice arm'd with frowns appears; But in the Savior's lovely face Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts; Above our fears, above our faults, His powerful intercessions rise, And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour, When sin and satan join their power; Let this dear hope repel the dart, That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great advocate, almighty friend!— On him our humble hopes depend; Our cause can never, never fail, For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

119. C. M.

Christ's intercession prevalent, John xvii, 24.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude and sing Th' ascended Savior's love: Sing how he lives to carry on His people's cause above.

With cries and tears he offer'd up His humble suit below; But with authority he asks, Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him, Salvation he demands: Points to their names upon his breast, And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim:
"Father I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am.

5 "By their salvation recompense "The sorrows I endur'd; "Just to the merits of thy Son, "And faithful to thy word."

6 Eternal life at his request, 'To every saint is given: Safety below, and, after death, The plenitude of heaven.

7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails, The Father smiles on thee; And now thou in thy kingdom art, Dear Lord, remember me.

In my behalf ascend;
And as its virtue, so my praise,
Shall never never end.]

120. P. M.

Christ's everlasting kingdom, Rev. v, 6-10.

1HOW glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne His labors are o'er, his conquests are won:

A kingdom is given
To Jesu's hand,
In earth and in heaven
For ever to stand.

2 Ye sinners below, then trust in the Lord; Look up to his arm, his honor, his word; Athirst for his favor, His Godhead adore; Look up to your Savior, And joy evermore!

121. S. M.

A song of praise to the Savior, Rev. xv, 3.

- AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Savior's name.
- Sing of his dying love, Sing of his rising power; Sing how he intercedes above, For those whose sins he bore.
- Sing till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues;

Sing till the love of sin departs, And grace inspires our songs.

4 Soon we shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon he will call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

There shall our raptur'd tongue His endless praise proclaim; And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb.

THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST, ARE SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED.

122. P. M.

Immanuel, Matt. i, 23; 1 Tim. iii, 16.

- 1 GOD with us! O glorious name! Let it shine in endless fame: God and man in Christ unite, O mysterious depth and height!
- 2 God with us! amazing love Brought him from his courts above; Now, ye saints, his grace admire, Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 God with us! but tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;
 Yet did he our sins sustain,
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

- 4 [God with us! O blissful theme! Let the impious not blaspheme, Jesus shall in judgment sit, Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 God with us! O wondrous grace! Let us see him face to face, That we may *Immanuel* sing, As we ought, our God and King.

123. L. M.

Jesus Christ the gift of God, John iv, 10.

- I JESUS, my love, my chief delight, For thee I long, for thee I pray; Amid the shadows of the night, Amid the business of the day.
- 2 Thou art the glorious GIFT OF Gob, To sinners weary and distrest; The first of all his gifts bestow'd; And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 3 Could I but say, "This gift is mine,"
 I'd tread the world beneath my feet;
 No more at poverty repine,
 Nor envy sinners rich and great.
- 4 The precious jewel I would keep, And lodge it deep within my heart; At home, abroad, awake, asleep, It never should from thence depart!

124. S. M.

Christ the day spring from on high, Luke i, 77—79.

- 1 ALL hail! redeeming Lord, Sweet day-spring from on high; All hail! thou Sun of righteousness, With all thy vital joy.
- In deepest shades of death, The borders of despair, We lie oppress'd with heavy gloom, And constant fetters wear.
- 3 Shine, lovely star of day, Around and in us shine, And our benighted souls shall own Thy light and love divine.
- 4 Our wandering footsteps guide, Through all this desert place; Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path Of purity and peace.
- 5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom, Cheer'd with thy vital ray; And open to our longing eyes The road to perfect day.

125. P. M.

Christ the long expected deliverer, Luke ii, 25.

- 1. COME, thou long-expected Jesus, Born to set thy people free; From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in thee: Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the earth thou art; Dear desire of every nation, Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

126. P. M.

Christ the prophet, priest, and king, 1 Pet. ii, 7.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, Thou!
O let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

- My Propher thou, my heavenly guide,
 Thy sweet instruction I will hear;
 The words that from thy lips proceed,
 O how divinely sweet they are!
 Thee my great prophet, I would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood Did once atone upon the cross; Who now dost intercede with God, And plead the friendless sinner's cause! In thee I trust; thee I would love, And imitate the bless'd above.
- 4 My King supreme to thee I bow, A willing subject at thy feet; All other lords I disavow, And to thy government submit: My Savior King, this heart would love, And imitate the bless'd above.

127. P. M.

Christ our great High. Priest, Heb. vii, 25.

- OUR great High-priest we sing,
 His dying love adore;
 We bail our rising King,
 Who lives for evermore:
 He only can our wants relieve,
 And sinners to the utmost save.
- Why then indulge despair, Tho' sunk in deepest guilt? We hear his voice declare,

For such his blood was spilt: In his dear hands my soul I leave, For he can to the utmost save.

3 Believing souls rejoice!
On Jesus' grace depend;
The objects of his choice,
He loves you to the end:
With holy boldness dare believe,
Your Lord will to the utmost save.

128. P. M.

Christ our conquering king, Psalm xlv, 3-5.

- Ascend thy shining car;
 And march, almighty Lord,
 To wage thy holy war:
 Before his wheels,
 In glad surprise,
 Ye valleys, rise,
 And sink, ye hills.
- 2 Before thine awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of thy grace,
 That grace which conquers all:
 The world shall know,
 Great king of kings,
 What wondrous things
 Thine arm can do.

Here, to my waiting soul, Bend thy triumphant way; Here every foe control, And all thy power display.

My heart, thy throne, Blest Jesus, see, Submit to thee, To thee alone.

129. L. M.

Jesus the Savior, Mat. i, 21.

- 1 JESUS, the Savior, that dear name, For ever would my tongue proclaim; In ev'ry office that he bears, Jesus the Savior, still appears!
- 2 Is he a prophet? Him I view My prophet and my Savior too! From ign'rance and from error, he Alone can save, and set me free!
- 3 Is he a Priest? There clearly shines
 The Savior's name in crimson lines!
 My life and soul from pains unknown,
 He saves by off'ring up his own!
- 4 Is he a King? My soul, 'tis well!
 He saves from sin, and death, and hell;
 And will successfully oppose,
 And vanquish all thy stubborn foes.
- 5 Jesus, my prophet, priest, and king, My Savior, and my God I sing!

For ever would my lips proclaim The honors of his glorious name!

130. C. M.

King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Savior's name, And joy to make it known, The sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Savior crown'd With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round, How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace, In him unite their rays; You that have e'er beheld his face, Can you forbear his praise?

When in his earthly courts we view The glories of our king; We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?

Lord, teach our songs to rise!

Thy love can animate the strain,

And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

131. L. M.

Christ our King and Savior, Psalm lxxii.

- 1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow, Adoring low before thy throne: Accept our humble, cheerful vow, Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul reviving ray, Ev'n cold affliction's wintry gloom Shall brighten into vernal day, And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing, In concert with the choir above, The glories of our Savior-king, The condescensions of his love.

132. L. M.

Christ the sinner's ransom, 1 Pet. i,18, 19.

- 1 ENSLAV'D by sin and bound in chains, Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway, And doom'd to everlasting pains, We wretched guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace; Nor the whole world's collected store Suffice to purchase our release; A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God, An all-sufficient ransom paid:

Invalued price! his precious blood For vile rebellious traitors shed.

- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became, To rescue guilty souls from hell; The spotless, bleeding, dying lamb, Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
 O may our grateful hearts adore
 The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
- 6 Dear Savior let thy love pursue The glorious work it has begun, Each secret lurking foe subdue, And let our hearts be thine alone.

133. L. M.

Jehovah --- Jesus, Matt. i, 21-23.

- 1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all, My praise shall climb to his abode; Thee, Savior, by that name I call, The great supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 As much when in the manger laid, Almighty ruler of the sky, As when the six days work he made Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 3 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears, Salvation is the dearest claim; That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears, And owns Immanuel for his name.

4 A cheerful confidence I feel, My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see: My bosom glows with heavenly zeal, To worship him who died for me.

134. C. M.

Praise to the precious Savior, 1 Pet. ii, 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to mine ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heaven may hear.
- 2 Yes thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish In thee doth richly meet; Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there!
 The noblest balm of all its wounds
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
 Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

135. C. M.

Savior, John iv, 42.

- 1 THE Savior! O what endless charms Dwell in the blissful sound! Its influence ev'ry fear disarms; And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine, In rich effusion flow, For guilty rebels lost in sin, And doom'd to endless woe.
- 3 Th' almighty former of the skies
 Stoop'd to our vile abode;
 While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine, Of bliss, a boundless store! Dear Savior, let me call thee mine; I cannot wish for more.
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies, Beneath thy cross I fall; My Lord, my life, my sacrifice, My savior, and my all.

136. L. M.

On the name of Jesus.

1 ENRAPTUR'D with his charming name, That ev'ry other name excels, I feel a sweet seraphic frame, That oft to joy ecstatic swells.

- 2 Then wakes my song her skill to try; And ev'ry note with Jesus fill; But all the sounds in Jesus die, And his dear name's the music still.
- 3 A name that angels mean to praise; But yet a name of worth so great, That all the notes that angels raise, Lost in the name are incomplete.
- 4 With mighty themes, of high behest, The living lyre her concords wakes; But then the concords sound the best, When Jesus' name the music makes.
- 5 Ah! what avails the pealing choir, Or where's the charm of heavenly sound? If Jesus' name does not transpire, The key is miss'd where charms abound.
- 6 The name of Jesus sooths the soul, And swells it with unbounded joys; And all the sounds harmonious roll, When that the grateful song employs.
- 7 The voice of grief itself is lost, When Jesus' name the music is; And saints in heav'n no joy could boast, Did not his name create their bliss.

137. S. M. The name of Jesus.

- THERE is a sacred name
 That sooths the sinner's fears:
 Jesus, thro' ages past, the same,
 The same to countless years!
- 2 No other name than this, To earth reveal'd from heav'n, Can wake the hope of future bliss, Or sense of sins forgiv'n!
- 3 Thy comforts, O my God!
 'Tis Jesu's name endears;
 And when abas'd beneath thy rod,
 My fainting spirit cheers.
- 4 This peerless name alone
 Suffices all my need;
 It wings my praises to thy throne,
 And for my wants shall plead!
- 5 My warmest thoughts rejoice
 To dwell on Jesus' name:
 And when they droop, arise, my voice,
 To fan the languid flame!
 - 6 Thus to my latest breath,
 I'll triumph o'er my sins:
 Depart, ye shades of endless death!
 Eternal life begins.

138. L. M.

Savior the only one, Acts iv, 12.

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine, Whence all our hopes and comforts flow, Jesus, no other name but thine Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find The way to happiness and God; Her weak directions leave the mind Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve; Thou art the true, the living way, (Ordain'd by everlasting love,) To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide, Nor from the heavenly path depart; O let thy spirit, gracious Guide, Direct our steps, and cheer our heart;
- 5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night, And bring us to the blissful plains, The regions of unclouded light, Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

139. C. M.

Head of the Church, Eph. iv, 15, 16.

I JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace, That calls a worm thy own; Gives me among thy saints a place To make thy glories known.

- 2 Allied to thee our vital head, We act, and grow, and thrive; From thee divided, each is dead, When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 Here join in sweet accord:
 One body all in mutual love,
 And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive
 Thy spirit with delight;
 While death and hell in vain shall strive
 This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body will present Before thy Father's face; Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot Its beauteous form disgrace.

140. P. M.

Jesus our head and king, Heb. ix, 24.

- I JESUS, our triumphant head, Hal.
 Risen victorious from the dead,
 To the realms of glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Heaven its king congratulates, Opens wide her golden gates: Angels songs of victory sing; All the blissful regions ring.

- 3 Sinners, join the heavenly powers; For redemption all is ours: None but burden'd sinners prove Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
- 4 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord; Holy Lamb, incarnate Word! Hail, thou suffering Son of God! Take the trophics of thy blood.

141. P. M.

The fulness of Christ, John i, 16, Col. i, 19.

- I A FULNESS resides
 In Jesus our head,
 And ever abides
 To answer our need;
 The Father's good pleasure
 Has laid up in store,
 A plentiful treasure
 To give to the poor.
 - Whate'er be our wants,
 We need not to fear;
 Our num'rous complaints
 His mercy will hear:
 His fulness shall yield us
 Abundant supplies;
 His power shall shield us
 When dangers arise.
- 3 The fountain o'erflows Our woes to redress,

Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace;
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive;
He has a redundance
For all that believe.

4 Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us thro' life;
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting,
His hand will supply.

142. P. M.

Christ our kinsman-redeemer, Heb. ii, 14, Eph v, 15.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own, Our kinsman near allied in blood; Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, The Son of man, the Son of God: Deny us not thy guardian care, Nor slight a needy sinner's prayer. 2 Thee Savior in my greatest need,
I trust my faithful friend to prove;
Now o'er the meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love:
Under thy wings of mercy take,
And save me for thy merit's sake.

Didst thou not undertake my cause Lord over all, to worms allied? Answer me from that bleeding cross, Demand thy dearly ransom'd bride; And let my soul, betroth'd to thee, Thine, wholly thine, for ever be.

143. S. M.

Christ the sinner's friend, Luke xv, 2.

- O THE transcendant love,
 A sinless Savior shews!
 For publicans his bowels move,
 His heart with pity glows.
- 2 Jesus invited near The vilest of our race; And bids the greatest sinner hear The riches of his grace.
- Where sin and sickness dwelt
 The kind physician came,
 And every case his pity felt,
 The deaf, the blind, the lame,
- 4 Let Pharisees exclaim, And all this grace despise;

Lord, we will love the Savior's name, 'Tis wondrous in our eyes.

Yes, to life's utmost end, Thy sovereign grace we'll show, And own thee for the sinner's friend, And sin's eternal foe.

144. P. M.

Jesus Christ a true friend, Prov. xviii, 24.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend:
 His is love beyond a brother's
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove;
 Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed their blood! But our Jesus died to have us Reconcil'd in him to God: This was boundless love indeed! Jesus is a friend in need.
- When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same;
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

145. L. M. Doubled.

Christ a friend, though injured, Luke vii, 44.

FLOW fast, my tears, the cause is great;
This tribute claims an injur'd friend,
One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
And yet he lov'd me to the end.
When death his terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Christ interpos'd the wound he bore,
And bade the monster dare no more.

Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side.
Keen pangs and agonizing smart
Oppress his soul, and rend his heart;
While justice, arm'd with power divine,
Pours on his head what's due to mine.

Fast, and yet faster flow my tears, Love breaks the heart, and drowns the eyes; His visage marr'd tow'rds heaven he rears, And pleading for his murderers dies! My grief nor measure knows nor end, Till he appears the sinner's friend! And gives me in an happy hour, To feel the risen Savior's power.

146. P. M.

Christ the foundation stone, Isa. xxviii, 16.

- 1 WITH ecstasy of joy,
 Extol his glorious name,
 Who rais'd the spacious earth,
 And rais'd our ruin'd frame:
 He built the church who built the sky,
 Shout and exalt his honors high.
- 2 See the foundation laid,
 By power and love divine;
 Jesus, his first-born Son,
 How bright his glories shine!
 Low he descends, in dust he lies,
 That from his tomb a church may rise.
- 3 But he for ever lives,
 Nor for himself alone;
 Each saint new life derives
 From this mysterious stone;
 His influence darts thro' every soul,
 And in one house unites the whole.
- 4 To him with joy we move; In him cemented stand; The living temple grows, And owns the founder's hand:

That structure, Lord, still higher raise, Louder to sound its builder's praise.

5 Descend, and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace,
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place;
Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
And own our God is all in all.

147. L. M.

Lamb of God, &c. John i, 29.

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb, With wonder, gratitude, and love To take away our guilt and shame, See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid; He meekly bore the mighty load; Our ransom-price he fully paid, In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies; Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb! To him lift up your longing eyes, And hope for mercy in his name,
- Pardon and peace thro' him abound;
 He can the richest blessings give;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my lord, I look to thee; Where else can helpless sinners go? Thy boundless love shall set me free From all my wretchedness and wee.

148. S. M.

Leader.

- THOU very paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
 Thy ransom'd people lead.
- Angel of gospel grace!
 Fulfil thy character,
 To guard and feed the chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.
- Throughout the desert-way
 Conduct us by thy light,
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day
 A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

149. L. M.

Christ the Lord, our righteousness, Jer. xxiii, 6.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.
- When from the dust of death I rise, To claim my mansion in the skies, Even then shall this be all my plea; "Jesus hath LIV'D and DIED for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay!
 Fully through thee absolv'd I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Savior of sinners thee proclaim;
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears, When ruin'd nature sinks in years; No age can change its glorious hue, The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice; Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice: Their beauty this, their glorious dress, Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

150. P M.

Christ the rock cleft for sinners, 1 Cor. x, 4.

- Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- Not the labor of my hands Can fulfil thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow; All for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked come to thee for dress, Helpless look to thee for grace; Back, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Sayior, or I die.
- While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart strings break in death;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on the judgment throne;
 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

151. L. M.

The refuge, Psalm xxii, 7. Isa. xxxii, 2.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began The scheme to rescue fallen man! Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace, That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky I fought, with hand uplifted high; Despis'd the mention of his grace, Secure without a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapt in thick, egyptian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Madly I ran the sinful race, Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 4 But thus eternal council ran,
 "Almighty grace arrest that man;"
 I felt the terrors of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view; To sinai's fiery mount I flew; But justice cried, with frowning face, "This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 6 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard, And mercy's angel-form appeared; She led me on, with placid pace, To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

*12

- 7 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,
 That would have sunk a world to hell;
 He bore it for the chosen race,
 And thus become their hiding-place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns, at most, Will land me on fair Canaan's coast; There I shall sing the song of grace, And see my glorious hiding-place.

152. C. M.

Jesus Christ our hiding place, Isa. xxxii, 2

- I JESUS, to thee my sure defence,
 My help for ever nigh,
 From the rough blast and rushing storm,
 For shelter I apply.
- 2 Thou art my holy hiding place, Thou my secure abode: When vengeance like a whirlwind flies, And rages all abroad.
- 3 As rocks to guard from burning skies Their ample shades extend, Do thou, from flames of wrath divine, My guilty soul defend.

153. Sevens.

Refuge from the storm, Deut. xxxiii, 27.

- JESUS, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly; While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh!
- Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide; O receive my scul at last!
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me!
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; Boundless love in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
- 6 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Theu art full of truth and grace,

- 7 Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Let me feel them flow within.
- 8 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity!

154. P. M.

Christ the fountain of life, Zech. xiii, 1.

- 1 HAIL, everlasting spring! Celestial fountain, hail! Thy streams salvation bring; The waters never fail: Still they endure, And still they flow, For all our woe A sovereign cure.
- 2 Blest be his wounded side,
 And blest his bleeding heart,
 Who all in anguish died,
 Such favors to impart:
 His sacred blood
 Shall make us clean,
 From every sin,
 And fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love Our souls this day would come;

And thither from above, Lord, call the nations home; The Jew and Greek, With rapturous songs On all their tongues, Thy praise may speak.

155. P. M.

Fountain open'd for sinners, Zech. xiii, 1.

THE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King;
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the spear,
It flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure;
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible, cure;

But if guilt be removed, Return and remain, Its power may be proved Again and again.

This fountain unseal'd
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small:
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

This fountain tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear,
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome and bare;
Tho' leprous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' lep'rous as mine.

156. C. M.

Praise for the fountain opened.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see That fountain in his day; O may I there, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins away!
- Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, 'Till all the ransom'd church of God Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be 'till I die.
- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy power to save.

157. C. M.

Christ the best portion, Cant. ii, 16.

FROM pole to pole let others roam, And search in vain for bliss; My soul is satisfied at home, The Lord my portion is.

- I Jesus, who on his glorious throne
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
 And give himself for me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
 His blood removes my fear;
 And while he pleads for me above,
 His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food, His spirit is my guide; Thus daily is my strength renew'd, And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss, Disgrace for him, renown; Well may I glory in his cross, While he prepares my crown!
- 6 Let wordlings then indulge their boast, How much they gain or spend; Their joys must soon give up the ghost, But mine shall never end.

58. C. M.

Jesus Christ the pearl of great price, Matt. xiii, 46.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu, A nobler choice be mine;

- A real prize attracts my view, A treasure all divine.
- Begone, unworthy of my cares, Ye specious baits of sense; Inestimable worth appears, The Pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown, O name divinely sweet! Jesus, in thee, in thee alone, Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart, Of this dear gift possess'd; I'd clasp it to my joyful heart, And be for ever bless'd.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires, Thy love is bliss divine; Accept the wish that love inspires, And bid me call thee mine.

159. L. M.

Physician of souls, Jeremiah viii, 22.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made, Where shall the sinner find a cure? In vain, alas is nature's aid, The work exceeds all nature's power.

- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns, With fatal strength in every part; The dire contagion fills the veins, And spreads the poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found? And is no kind physician nigh
- To ease the pain, and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for ever fly?
 - 4 There is a great Physician near, Look up, O fainting soul, and live; See, in his heavenly smiles appear Such ease as nature cannot give!
 - 5 See, in the Savior's dying blood Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow; 'Tis only this dear sacred flood Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.
 - 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart, For here a sovereign cure is found; A cordial for the fainting heart, A balm for every painful wound.

160. P. M.

Christ our physician, John iii, 14, 15.

1 WITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd, When Israel's mourning tribes complain'd, And sigh'd to be reliev'd;

A serpent strait the prophet made, Of molten brass, to view display'd, The patient look'd and liv'd.

- 2 But oh! what healing to the heart, Doth Jesus' greater cross impart, To those who seek a cure? Israel of old, and we no less, The same indulgent grace confess, Whilst life and breath endure.
- 3 To reason's view, so strange effect, Self righteous souls will still reject, And perish in their pride! Not so the stung with sin and law, These all their rich salvation draw From Jesu's bleeding side.
- 4 May we then view the matchless cross,
 And other objects count but loss,
 No other gain explore!
 Here still be fix'd our feasted eyes,
 Teeming with tears of glad surprise,
 And thankfully adore!
- 5 Hail, great Immanuel, balmy name!
 Thy praise the ransom will proclaim,
 Thee we Physician call;
 We own no other cure but thine,
 Thou, the deliverer divine,
 Our health, our life, our all.

161. P. M.

The good Physician.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul!
 At death's dark door he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light compar'd to sin;
 On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within.
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness, all combin'd,
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain;
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain.
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave up all for lost;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician (How matchless is his grace!)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case:

First gave me sight to view him, For sin my eyes had seal'd; Then bid me look unto him; I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live

162. C. M.

Physician; and, the miracles of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day As yesterday the same; Present to heal, in me display The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do Thy needy creatures good; On me, that I thy praise may shew, Be all thy wonders shew'd.

LEPER.

 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call, Thy miracles repeat;
 With pitying eye behold me fall A leper at thy feet.

*13

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd I sink beneath my sin; But if thou wilt, a gracious word Of thine can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands, Open, O Lord! mine ear; Bid me stretch out my withered hands, And lift them up in prayer.

Silent, (alas! thou knowest how long)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O! when thou shall loose my tongue
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

LAME.

- 7 Lame at the pool I still am seen, Waiting to find relief; While many others venture in, And wash away their grief.
- 8 Now speak my mind, my conscience sound, Give, and my strength employ;
 Light as a hart, my soul shall bound.
 The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

- 9 If thou, my God, art passing by, O! let me find thee near; Jesus, in mercy hear my cry, Thou, Son of David hear!
- 10 See I am waiting in the way, For thee the heavenly light;

Command me to be brought and say, "Sinner, receive thy sight."

Possessed.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.
12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,

12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pai Thou wilt relieve my soul; Lord, I believe, and not in vain, For thou wilt make me whole.

163. S. M.

The security of Christ's sheep, John x, 27-29.

- MY soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks;
 No angel's harp such music yields,
 As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 "I know my sheep," he cries, My soul approves them well: Vain is the treacherous world's disguise, And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 "I freely feed them now With tokens of my love, But richer pastures I prepare, And sweeter streams above.
- 4 "Unnumber'd years of bliss I to my sheep will give;

- And, while my throne unshaken stands, Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 "This tried almighty hand
 Is rais'd for their defence:
 Where is the power shall reach them there?
 Or what shall force them thence?"
- Enough, my gracious Lord, Let faith triumphant cry; My heart can on this promise live, Can on this promise die.

164. C. M.

Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom, Luke xii, 32.

- YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
 Dismiss your anxious cares;
 Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
 And smile away your fears.
- 2 Tho' wolves and lions prowl around, His staff is your defence: [voice, 'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give, And give it with delight; His feeblest child his love shall call To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring For sure supports like these:

And o'er the pious dead we sing Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope and they enjoy, We bless a Savior's name; Nor shall that stroke disturb the song, Which breaks this mortal frame.

165. L. M.

Our example, John xiii, 15.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love? Such let our conversation be: The serpent blended with the dove, Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise, And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife, To Jesus let us lift our eyes, Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind! How mild! how ready to forgive! Be this the temper of our mind, And these the rules by which we live:
- To do his heavenly Father's will, Was his employment and delight; Humility and holy zeal Shone thro' his life, divinely bright!

Dispensing good where'er he came, The labors of his life were love; O, if we love the Savior's name, Let his divine example move.

- 6 But ah, how blind! how weak we are! How frail! how apt to turn aside! Lord, we depend upon thy care, And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be;
 Make us by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Savior, daily more like thee.

166. P. M.

Guide, Psalm xlviii, 14.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me 'till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow: Let the fi'ry, cloudy pillar, Lead me all my journey thro'; Strong deliv'rer! Be thou still my strength and shield!

3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness:
Be my sword, and shield, and banner—
Be my robe of righteousnoss:
Fight and conquer,
All my foes by sov'reign grace.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

167. L. M.

Jesus Christ, the way to God, John xiv, 6.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of holiness I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief, my burden long has been Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more, 'Till late I heard my Savior say, Come hither, Soul, "I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am; My sinful self to thee I give, Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Savior I have found; I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God."

168. S. M.

I am the way, and the truth, and the life, John xiv, 6.

- I AM, saith Christ, the way.
 Now if we credit Him,
 All other paths must lead astray,
 How fair soe'er they seem.
- I am, saith Christ, the truth.
 Then all that lacks this test,
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
 Is but a lie at best.
- 3 I am, saith Christ, the life. Let this be seen by faith, It follows without further strife, That all besides is death.
 - 4 If what those words aver, The Holy Ghost apply; The simplest Christian shall not err, Nor be deceivêd, nor die.

All in All.

1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside No comeliness I see; The one thing needful, dearest Lord, Is to be one with thee.

- 2 The sense of thy expiring love Into my soul convey: Thyself bestow; for thee alone My all in all I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
 My comfort to restore:
 More than thyself I cannot crave;
 And thou can give no more.
 - 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
 With love intense I'd burn;
 Chosen of thee ere time began,
 I'd choose thee in return.
 - Whate'er consists not with thy love,
 O teach me to resign:
 I'm rich to all the intents of bliss
 If thou, O God, art mine.

170. L. M.

Jesus Christ all in all, Col. iii, 11.

1 TRIUMPHANT sing, ye favor'd saints, Renounce your fears and long complaints; Lo at Immanuel's footstool fall, And view him as your all in all.

- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust, Nor place our hope in worms and dust, Apollos, Peter, holy Paul; Acknowledge Christ their all in all.
- 3 He arch'd the skies, he fix'd the sun, His glories through creation run; All creatures round this earthly ball, Join to proclaim him all in all.
- 4 No righteousness but his we own, No ransom but his blood alone: While on the Father's name we call, Our faith pleads Christ as all in all.
- 5 Oh! sinners, come at his command, Receive the bounties of his hand; Obey the gospel's charming call, And Jesus own your all in all.

171. P. M.

Desiring to praise Christ, Isa. xlii, 10-12.

O WHAT shall I do
My Savior to praise;
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakest believer
That hangs upon him.

- Whose heart is set free,
 The people that can
 Be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in
 The light of thy face,
 And still they are talking
 Of Jesus' grace.
- 3 Their daily delight
 Shall be in thy name,
 They shall, as their right,
 Thy righteousness proclaim:
 Thy righteousness wearing,
 And cleans'd by thy blood,
 Bold shall they appear in
 The presence of God:
- 4 For thou art their boast,
 Their glory and power;
 And I also trust
 To see the glad hour;
 My soul's new creation,
 A life from the dead,
 The day of salvation;
 That lifts up my head.
- Yes, Lord, I shall see
 The bliss of thine own!
 Thy secret to me
 Shall soon be made known:
 For sorrow and sadness
 I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness
 Of all that believe.

'SECT. 7.

THE HOLY SPIRIT—HIS INFLUENCES AND GRACES.

172. P. M.

The spirit of life, light, and purity, Cant. iv, 16.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light, Enlivening consecrating fire! Descend, and, with celestial heat, Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire: Our souls refine, our dross consume! Come, condescending Spirit, come!
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
 Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
 Nor let us wander in the dark,
 Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:
 Come, vivifying Spirit come,
 And make our hearts thy constant home.
- Whatever guilt and madness dare, We would not quench the heavenly fire; Our hearts as fuel we prepare, Tho' in the flame we should expire: Our breast expand to make thee room; Come, purifying Spirit, come.
- 4 Let pure devotion's fervor rise; Let every pious passion glow:

O let the raptures of the skies Kindle in our cold hearts below! Come, condescending Spirit come, And make our souls thy constant home.

173. S. M.

The Holy Spirit implored, Rom. viii, 9.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds, And open all our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin, Then lead to Jesus' blood: And to our wondering view reveal The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove; And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.
- If thou celestial Dove,
 Thine influence withdraw,
 What easy victims soon we fall
 To conscience, wrath, and law!
- No longer burns our love;
 Our faith and patience fail;
 *14

Our sin revives, and death and hell Our feeble souls assail.]

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts; Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know, and praise, and love The Father, Son and Thee.

174. P. M.

The Spirit's influence sought, John xvi, 14.

- I GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine! Let thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove, Fill me full of heaven and love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burden'd sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart: Breathe thyself into my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray, Keep me in the narrow way: Fill my soul with joy divine, Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

The spirit of consolation, rest, and holiness, Eph. iv, 30.

- 1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit, the dove,
 And visit a sorrowful breast;
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest:
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
 The sense of redemption to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And kindly withheld me from sin;
 Resolv'd, by the strength of thy love,
 My worthless affection to win:
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Invincible mercy exert;
 And keep my weak graces alive,
 And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 3 If, when I have put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy goodness hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
 O Spirit of pity and grace,
 Relieve me again and restore;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to grieve thee no more.
- 4 If now I lament after God, And pant for a drop of his love;

If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood, Obtain'd me a mansion above; Come, heavenly Comforter, come, Sweet witness of mercy divine! And make me thy permanent home, And seal me eternally thine.

176. P. M.

The spirit of love, joy, and guidance, Ezek xxxvii, 9.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove;
 With flames of pure scraphic love
 Our ravish'd breasts inspire:
 Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete;
 Warm our cold hearts with heavenly heat,
 And set our souls on fire.
- 2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead, Thy softest, sweetest influence shed In all our hearts abroad; Point out a place where grace abounds, Direct us to the bleeding wound, Of our incarnate God.
- 3 Conduct, blest guide thy sinner-train
 To Calvary, where the Lamb was slain;
 And with us there abide:
 Let us our lov'd Redeemer meet,
 Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
 And view his wounded side.
- 4 Thou, with the Father, and the Son, Art that mysterious THREE-IN-ONE,

God blest for evermore:
Whom, tho' we cannot comprehend,
Feeling thou art the sinners friend,
We love thee and adore.

177. C. M.

The shirit of love and comfort, John xiv, 16-18, 26.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above! Our longing breasts inspire, With thy soft flame of heavenly love; And fan the sacred fire.
- 2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart, By sin and sorrow prest; Thou to the dead canst life impart, And to the weary rest.
- Let no false comfort lift us up,
 To confidence that's vain;
 Nor let our faith and courage droop,
 For whom the Lamb was slain.
- 4 The Father sent his Son to die
 The willing Son obey'd;
 The witness Thou, to ratify
 The purchase Christ has made.

Divine influences desired, John xvi, 14.

- 1 GREAT Spirit by whose power divine All creatures live and move, On us thy benedictions shower, Inspire our souls with love.
- 2 Hail, source of light! arise and shine, Darkness and doubts dispel; Give peace and joy, for we are thine, In us for ever dwell.
- 3 From death to life our spirits raise, Complete redemption bring; New tongues impart to speak the praise Of Christ, our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
 To all the world beside:
 Exulting then, we feel and own
 Our Jesus glorified.

179. L. M.

Our bodies the temple of the Holy Ghost, 1 Cor. iii, 16, 17.

1 AND will th' offended God again, Return and dwell with sinful men? Will he within his bosom raise A living temple to his praise?

- 2 The joyful news transports my breast, All hail! all hail! thou heavenly guest! Lift up your heads ye powers within, And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter with all thy heavenly train, Here live, and here for ever reign; Thy sceptre o'er my pasions sway, Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit, And pay their homage at thy feet; No idol-god shall hold a place Within this temple of thy grace.

180. L. M.

Growing in grace by the Holy Spirit, 2 Pet. iii, 18.

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God, For all the grace thou hast bestow d; For all thine influence from above, To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies Brought down this plant of paradise, And gave its heavenly glory birth, To deck this wilderness of earth.
 - 3 But why does that celestial flower Open, and thrive, and shine no more? Where are its balmy odors fled? And why reclines its beauteous head?

- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shews
 Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
 Where the black frosts and beating storm
 Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun thy beams display, To drive the frosts and storms away; Make all thy potent virtues known, To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below; So shall they grow, and breathe abroad A fragrance grateful to our God.

181. L. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 HAIL, Father! hail, eternal Son!
Hail, sacred Spirit, Three in One!
Blessing and thanks, and pow'r divine,
Thrice holy Lord, be ever thine!

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who made the earth and heaven, Of equal dignity possest, Be equal honors given.

TO the eternal Three, In will and essence one, Be universal homage paid, Coequal honors done.

SECT. 8.

PARTICULAR DOGTRINES, PROMISES, INVITA-TIONS OF THE GOSPEL, AND COMPLETE SALVATION.

> FALL OF MAN. See APOSTACY. 182. L. M.

Election proved by calling, Job xiv, 5.

- 1 THERE is a period known to God, When all his sheep redeem'd by blood, Shall leave the hateful ways of sin Turn to the fold, and enter in.
- 2 At peace with hell, with God at war, In sin's dark maze they wander far; Indulge their lusts, and still go on As far from God as sheep can run.
- When wisdom calls, they stop their ear, And headlong urge the mad career; Judgments nor mercies e'er can sway, Their roving feet to wisdom's way.
- 4 Glory to God, they ne'er can rove Beyond the limits of his love! Secure by his eternal will, Firm as the base of Sion's hill.
- 5 Th' appointed time rolls on a pace, Not to propose, but call by grace; 15

To change the heart, renew the soul, And all their sinful lusts control.

183. P. M.

Election, Eph. i, 4-7.

- 1 SONS we are thro' God's election,
 Who in Jesus Christ believe;
 By eternal destination,
 Sov'reign grace we here receive:
 Lord, thy mercy
 Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Ev'ry fallen soul by sinning, Merits everlasting pain; But thy love without beginning, Has restor'd thy sons again: Countless millions Shall in life thro' Jesus reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
 Ask, "O why such love to me?"
 Grace hath put me in the number
 Of the Savior's family;
 Hallelujah!
 Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!
- [4 Since that love had no beginning,
 And shall never, never cease,
 Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning,
 Guide me in the way of peace!
 Make me walk in
 All the paths of holiness.

- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
 And my soul returns to thee;
 Let the pow'r of thy ascension
 Manifest itself in me:
 Thro' thy spirit
 Give the final victory!
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet— When my soul and body join— When my Savior comes to judgment, Bright in majesty divine, I shall triumph; For his righteousness is mine.
- 7 When in that blest habitation,
 Which my God for me ordain'd,
 When in glory's full possession,
 I with saints and angels stand,
 Free grace only
 Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

Election.

- 1 ELECTION! 'tis a joyful sound To wretched, guilty man; The Father, Son, and Spirit, form'd The everlasting plan.
- 2 O may this Bible-truth inspire My heart with purest bliss; And land my soul in mansions where My chosen Jesus is.

185. S. M.

Electing love, Acts xiii, 48.

1 HOW happy are we
Our election who see,
And can venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approv'd,
From eternity lov'd,
Upheld by the pow'r, we cannot be mov'd.

2 'Tis sweet to recline

Our seeking thy face,

3

On thy bosom divine,

And experience the comforts peculiar to thine;

While, born from above And upheld by thy love,

We with singing and triumph to Sion remove,

Was the fruit of thy grace; [praise; Thy goodness demands and shall have all the No sinner can be Beforehand with thee,

Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 'On Canaan's fair land
We shortly shall stand; [our hand,
With crowns on our heads, and with harps in
Our harps shall be tun'd;
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus thro' heav'n shall resound.

Christ's Atonement.

- 1 O THOU, who didst thy glory lead, Apostate sinners to retrieve, From nature's deadly fall, If thou hast bought me with a price, My sins against me ne'er shall rise For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead? Didst thou without the city bleed To explate my stain? On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell, And made of infinite avail, The sufferings of the man.
- 3 Behold him for transgressors given!
 Behold the incarnate King of heaven
 For us his foes expire!
 Amaz'd O earth! the tidings hear!
 He bore, that we might never bear
 His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the man of sororw bless,
 The God for your unrighteousness
 Deputed to atone:
 Praise 'till, with all the ransom'd throng,
 Ye sing the never-ending song,
 And see him on his throne.

*15

Our Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOR divine, we know thy name, And in that name we trust; Thou art the Lord our rghteousness, Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne, And low in dust we lie 'Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm, To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day Might plunge us in despair; Yet all the crimes of numerous years Shall our great surety clear.
- 4 The spotless robe which he hath wrought Shall deck us all around;
 Nor by the piercing eye of God
 One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope To sinners now are given; Israel and Judah soon shall change Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now, Thy mercy scatters down; We scal our humble vows to thee, And wait the promis'd crown.

All, as sinners invited, to Christ, Mark ii, 17.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome! God's free bounty glorify: True belief, and true repentance, Every grace that brings us nigh— Without money Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

S Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous.—
Sinners Jesus came to call,

5 Agonizing in the garden, Lo! your Maker prostrate lies! On the bloody tree behold him, Hear him cry before he dies, "It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb: While the blissful seats of heaven Sweetly echo with his name, Hallelujah! Sinners here may sing the same.

189. L. M.

Weary sinners invited to rest, Matt. xi, 28.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distress'd, Come and accept the promis'd rest; The Savior's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load, O come and spread your woes abroad; Divine compassion, mighty love, Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;

Pardon and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!

- Lord, we accept with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come with trembling, vet rejoice, And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Savior! let thy powerful love Confirm our faith, our fears remove; And sweetly influence every breast, And guide us to eternal rest.

190. C. M.

The Savior's invitation, John vii, 37.

- 1 THE Savior calls—let every ear, Attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear, Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow; And life, and health, and bliss impart To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Savior, draw reflectant hearts, To thee let sinners fly: And take the bliss thy love imparts, And drink and never die.

There is yet room for sinners, Luke xiv, 22.

- YE dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and wo,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 While Jesus sends to you:
 Ye perishing and guilty come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay, No vain excuses frame; He bids you come to-day, Tho' poor, and blind, and lame: All things are ready, sinners come, For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
 His messengers proclaim;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name:
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love;
 Ye wandering sheep draw near;
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear!
 Let whosoever will now come:
 In mercy's arms there still is room.

Whosoever will, let him come, Rev. xxii, 17.

- 1 YE scarlet-color'd sinners, come;
 Jesus the Lord, invites you home;
 O whither can you go?
 What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
 His promise is for ever true,
 He'll wash you white as snow.
- 2 Backsliding souls, fill'd with your ways, Whose weeping nights, and wretched days, In bitterness are spent! Return to Jesus, he'll reveal His lovely face, and sweetly heal What you so much lament.
- Tried souls! look up—he says, 'tis I—
 He loves you still, but means to try
 If faith will bear the test;
 The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,
 He shed for you his precious blood;
 O trust him for the rest!
- Ye tender souls, draw hither too,
 Ye grateful, highly favor'd few,
 Who feel the debt you owe;
 Press on, the Lord hath more to give;
 By faith upon him daily live,
 And you shall find it so.

Precious promises, 2 Pet. i, 4.

1HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the

Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2In every condition, in sickness and health, In poverty's vale, or abounding with wealth; At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea, "As days may demand, so thy succour shall be."

3"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd, "I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; "I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

"Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4"When thro' the deep waters I cause thee

"The rivers of trouble shall not thee o'erflow;
"For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
"And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie.

"My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
"The flame shall not burt thee, I only design
"Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6"Even down to old age, all my people shall prove

"My sovereign eternal unchangeable love;

"And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,

"Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose "I will not, I will not desert to his foes;

"That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,

"I'll never, no never, no never forsake."*

193. C. M.

Complete salvation.

1 SALVATION through our dying God Is finish'd and complete; He paid whate'er his people ow'd, And cancell'd all their debt.

Salvation now shall be my stay,
"A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

194. P. M.

Distinguishing grace, Jer. xxxi, 3.

1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise, Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,

*Dr. Doddridge's translation of Heb. xiii, 5.

Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,

His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you, Broke forth and discover'd its flame, When each with the cords of his kindness

When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,

And brought you to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state you were in, Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt; You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too in sin,

And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,

Or give the Creator delight?

'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,

"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey

While others were suffer'd to go,

The road which by nature we choose as our
way,

Which leads to the regions of wo.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name; To him all the glory belongs;

Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,

And crown him in each of your songs.

- O Lord say unto my soul, I am thy salvation, Psalm xxxv, 3.
- 1 SALVATION! O melodious sound To wretched dying men! Salvation, that from God proceeds, And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom, From fiends, and fires, and chains: Rais'd to a paradise of bliss, Where Love triumphant reigns!
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul, Sinful and weak as mine, Presume to raise a trembling eye To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss My feeble heart o'erbears; And unbelief almost perverts The promise into tears.
- 5 My Savior God, no voice but thine These dying hopes can raise: Speak thy salvation to my soul, And turn my prayer to praise.

196. C. M.

Efficacious grace, Psalm xlv, 3-5.

HAIL! mighty Jesus how divine Is thy victorious sword!

The stoutest rebel must resign; At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give, They pierce the hardest heart: Thy smiles of grace the slain revive, And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh, Ride with majestic sway: Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly, And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete; When all the chosen race Shall round the throne of glory meet, To sing thy conquering grace;

5 O may my humble soul be found Among that favor'd band! And I with them thy praise shall sound Throughout IMMANUEL's land.

197. L. M.

The conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix, 1-10.

- 1 ONCE as the Savior pass'd along, Zaccheus fain the Lord would sec; Of stature small, to 'scape the throng, He ran before and climb'd a tree.
- 2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh, Upward he look'd and saw him there; "Zaccheus, hasten down for I "Must be thy guest to-day, prepare.

- 3 "To-day," the pardoning Savior cries, "Salvation to thy house is come, "On wings of sovereign love it flies! "Go tell the blissful news at home."
- 4 Lord look on souls that gaze around, To every listening sinner speak; Now may thy ancient love abound, From every seat a captive take.
- 5 Sinners make haste our God to meet; Come to the feast his love prepares; The lost are sought and saved, how sweet! And not the righteous, Christ declares.
- 6 Say, what are ye come out to view; Jesus who once for sinners died? O hear the Savior's voice to you, "Cast sinful, righteous self aside."
- 7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest? Dost thou invite Thee to my home? Welcome, dear Savior, to my breast, To-day let thy salvation come.

198. L. M.

The lost sheep found; or, joy in heaven on the conversion of a sinner, Luke xv, 3, 4.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold, Has lost a straying sheep, Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs the mountain's steep.

- 2 But O the joy! the transport sweet! When he the wanderer finds; Up in his arms he takes his charge, And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys, And make his bliss complete: The neighbors hear the news, and all The joyful Shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy When but one sinner turns;
 When the poor wretch with broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleas'd with the news the saints below, In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd the Father sees and hears The conscious sinner weep; Jesus receives him in his arms, And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Not angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire:
 "A wandering sheep's return'd," they sing,

And strike the sounding lyre.

The converted thief, Luke xxiii, 42.

- 1 AS on the cross the Savior hung, And wept, and bled, and dy'd, He pour'd salvation on a wretch That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame, The penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer address'd:
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven, "Thou spotless Lamb of God, "I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears; "And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo "In triumph thou shalt rise, "Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, "And shine above the skies.
- 5 "Amid the glories of that world, "Dear Savior, think on me; "And in the vict'ries of thy death "Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears, And instantly replies, "To-day thy parting soul shall be "With me in Paradise."

True Convert, 2 Cor. v, 17.

- 1 WHEN with my mind devoutly prest Dear Savior, my revolving breast Would past offences trace; Trembling, I make the black review, Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too, The pow'r of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd, These feet, to erring paths beguil'd In heav'nly league agree; Who could believe such lips could praise Or think my dark and winding ways Should ever lead to thee?
- 3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
 Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
 And weep a silent flood:
 These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r;
 O wash away the stains they wear
 In thy redeeming blood!
- [4 These ears, that pleas'd could entertain The midnight oath, the lustful strain, When round the festal board; Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise: Avoid the throng, detest the joys, And press to hear thy word.]
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part; O wouldst thou more transform my heart; This drossy thing refine;

That grace might nature's strength control, And a new creature—body—soul Be, Lord, for ever thine!

201. S. M.

Vital union to Christ in regeneration, 1 Cor. vi, 17.

- DEAR Savior, we are thine,
 By everlasting bonds;
 Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
 Our souls are in thy hands.
- To thee we still would cleave
 With ever growing zeal;
 If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
 O let them ne'er prevail.
- Thy Spirit shall unite
 Our souls to thee our head;
 Shall form us to thy image bright,
 That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
 From these abodes of clay;
 But love shall keep us near thy side
 Thro' all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
 Why should we doubt or fear?
 If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
 He'll fix his members there.

Perseverance, Psalm cxix, 117.

- 1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
 Conduct me in thy fear,
 And grant me such supplies of grace,
 That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm Sustain a feeble worm, I shall escape, secure from harm, Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
 'Till all my toils shall cease;
 Guard me thro' life, and let my end
 Be everlasting peace.

203. S. M.

Communion with God and Christ, 1 John i, 3.

- * OUR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near;
 With both our friendship shall be sweet,
 And our communion dear.
- God pities all our griefs;
 He pardons every day;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.
- What various stores of good

Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand, And purchas'd with his blood?

Jesus, our living head, We bless thy faithful care; Our advocate before thy throne, And our forerunner there.

Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait my warmest love!
'Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

204. L. M.

Desiring communion with God.

- 1 MY rising soul, with strong desires, To perfect happiness aspires, With steady steps would tread the road, That leads to heaven, that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love, From the pure fountain-head above: My dearest Lord, I long to be Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn, Art thou withdrawn? again return; Nor let me be the first to say, Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

Walking with God, Gen. v, 24.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!
- Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus, and his word?
- What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But now I find an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove; return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol, I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serven my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

206. P. M.

Adoption, 1 John iii, 1-3.

- I LET others boast their ancient line
 In long succession great;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarch's swell the state;
 Descended from the King of Kings,
 Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy Son, Own me an heir divine; I'll pity princes on the throne, When I can call thee mine: Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise, And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure I pass my days,
 To all I meet unknown,
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy throne:
 No name, no honors here I crave,
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives
 With him I too shall reign;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
 Shall make the promise vains
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall, while endless years endure.
- When he in robes divinely bright, Shall once again appear,

Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light, And his full image bear: Enough!—I wait th' appointed day, Bless'd Savior, haste, and come away.

206. C. M.

Abba, Father, Gal. iv, 6.

Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

- 2 My Father God! how sweet the sound! How tender and how dear! Not all the harmony of heaven Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name On my expanding heart; And shew; that in Jehovah's grace I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe;
 And, Abba, Father, humbly cry.
 Nor can the sign deceive.

207. L. M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be, Deut.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint to Christ draw near, Thy Savior's gracious promise hear; His faithful word declares to thee, That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say, "How shall I stand the trying day!"

 He has engag'd by firm decree,

 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong; And if the conflict should be long, Thy Lord will make the tempter flee; For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame, Still trust in thy Redeemer's name; In fiery trials thou shalt see, That as thy days, thy strength shall be,
- When call'd to bear the weighty cross, Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss, Or deep distress, or poverty, Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view, Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue; He comes to set thy Spirit free, And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

My grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii, 9.

- 1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
 To cheer the drooping saint;
 "My grace sufficient is for you,
 "Tho' nature's powers may faint.
- 2 "My grace its glories shall display, "And make your griefs remove; "Your weakness shall the triumph tell "Of boundless power and love."
- 3 What tho' my griefs are not remov'd, Yet why should I despair? While my kind Savior's arms support, I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Savior, and my Lord,
 'Tis good to trust thy name.
 Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love
 Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace I all things can perform; And smiling triumph in thy name, Amid the raging storm.

210. P. M.

The dying Christian to his soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame, Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying, Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife:
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark! they whisper, angels say, "Sister spirit, come away;"
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death!
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears, Heaven opens to my eyes, my ears With sounds seraphic ring; Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

210. C. M.

Death instructive, Job i, 20, 21.

- OUR hearts are fasten'd to this world,
 By strong and endless ties;
 And every sorrow cuts a string
 And urges us to rise.
- 2 When God would kindly set us free, And earth's enchantment end: He takes the most effectual means And robs us of a friend.
- 3 Since vain all here, all future vast, Embrace the lot assign'd;

Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends, Its strokes severe, most kind.

4 To final good the worst events,
Thro' secret channels run;
Finish for saints their destin'd course,
As 'twas for saints begun.

5 O! for that summit of my wish, Whilst here I draw my breath, The promise of eternal life, A glorious smile in death.

212. C. M.

On the death of a friend, 1 Thes. iv, 13, 14.

- 1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains
 How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains!
- 2 But down to earth, alas! in vain We bend our weeping eyes; Ah! let us leave these seats of pain, And upwards learn to rise.
- 3 Hope, cheerful, smiles amid the gloom, And beams a healing ray, And guides us from the darksome tomb To realms of endless day.
- 4 Jesus who left his blest abode,
 (Amazing grace!) to die,
 Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road
 To his bright courts on high.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more, That earthly comfort dies, But lasting happiness explore, And ask it from the skies.

213. L. M.

Mortality, Job vii, 8; 1Sam. xi, 6.

- Lo! mortal men by thousands die:
 One glance from thee, at once brings down
 The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 Banish'd at once from human sight,
 To the dark grave's unchanging night,
 Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
 We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet, Accents familiar once, and sweet; No more the well-known features trace, No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet if our Father's faithful hand Conduct us thro' this gloomy land, Our souls with pleasure shall obey, And follow where he leads the way.
- 5 He, nobler friends than here we leave, In brighter, surer worlds can give; Or, by the beamings of his eye, A lost creation well supply.

Death and Eternity, Job xiv, 10.

- 1 MY thoughts, that often mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath, Where nature all in ruin lies, And owns her sov'reign, Death.
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here! His trophies spread around! And heaps of dust and bones appear Thro' all the hollow ground.
- 3 But where the souls, those deathless things, That left their dying clay? My thoughts now stretch out all your wings, And trace—Eternity!
- 4 O that unfathomable sea!
 Those deeps without a shore!
 Where living waters gently play,
 Or fiery billows roar.
- Thus must we leave the banks of life, And try this doubtful sea; Vain are our groans and dying strife To gain a moment's stay.
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss, Or sink in flaming waves, While the pale carcass thoughtless lies, Amongst the silent graves.
- 7 Thus shall our mouldering members teach What now our senses learn; For dust and ashes loudly preach Man's infinite concern.

Death rendered harmless, 1 Cor. xv, 56, 57.

- I DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught; It rends the guilty heart, When conscience wakes remorseful tho't, With agonizing smart.
- 2 Dear Savior, thy victorious love Can all his force control, Can bid the pangs of guilt remove, And cheer the trembling soul.
- 3 Victorious love! thy wondrous power,
 From sin and death can raise;
 Can gild the dark departing hour,
 And tune its groans to praise.
- 4 Then shall the joyful spirit soar
 To life beyond the skies,
 Where gloomy death can frown no more,
 And guilt and terror dies.

215. P. M.

Happy death of a believer, Rev. xiv, 133

1 HOW blest is our Brother,* bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind;
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see!
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

^{*} Or sister.

- 2 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain:
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again:
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay,
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion has vanish'd away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest, Its thinking and aching are o'er; This quiet immovable breast Is heav'd by affliction no more; This heart is no longer the seat Of trouble, and torturing pain; It ceases to flutter and beat, It never shall flutter again.
- 4 The lids that he seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Now seal'd in a blessed repose,
 Shall open, but—never to weep;
 These fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death:
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become,
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

At the funeral of a young person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—I too must die,—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save,
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

218. L. M.

Hope in the resurrection.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred relics room, To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Break from the throne, illustrious morn, Attend, O earth, his sovereign word, Restore thy trust, a glorious form, She* must ascend to meet her Lord.
- Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes Can reach the lovely sleeper here, And angels watch her† soft repose.
- 4 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son,
 Past through the grave, and blest the bed;
 Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne,
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

219. C. M.

Surely the bitterness of death is passed, 1 Sam. xv, 32.

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life, My trembling soul shall stand; Waiting to pass death's awful flood, Great God, at thy command!

When weeping friends surround my bed; And close my sightless eyes;

*Or he. †Or his-

When shatter'd by the weight of years
This broken body lies—

3 When ev'ry long-lov'd scene of life Stands ready to depart; When the last sigh that shakes the frame

When the last sigh that shakes the frame Shall rend this bursting heart—

4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme, Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand Beneath my sinking head; And with a ray of love divine, Illume my dying bed!

6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast May I resign my breath! And, in thy fond embraces, lose "The bitterness of death!"

220. C. M.

Happy death of the righteous, Psalm xvi, 15.

1 THE righteous souls that take their flight
Far from this world of pain,
In God's paternal bosom blest
For ever shall remain.

2 To minds unwise they seem to die, All joyful hopes to cease; Yet they, secur'd by Jesus, live In everlasting peace.

18

3 And at the great, the awful day,
When Christ descends from high,
With myriads of triumphant saints,
He'll own them in the sky.

4 Then HE, their Judge, their mighty Lord; Displays redeeming grace, And calls them ever to behold The brightness of his face.

220. P. M.

Falling asleep in Jesus, John xi, 11.

1 COME, death—releas'd from dread, Thy form would I survey, And sing his glorious name Who took thy sting away:

CHORUS.

Cheerful I'll close my dying eyes, And sleep till Jesus bid me rise.

- 2 'Twas Jesus, prince of life, Enter'd thy dark domains; He slept in thy embrace, But broke thy iron chains.
- 3 Though rough the path appear, And toils the day employ, The evening shades come on, The time of rest is nigh.
- 4 This garment of the flesh My soul shall soon lay down;

And wing her joyful way To bow before the throne.

- My peaceful grave shall keep My bones till that sweet day; Then wake from my long sleep, And leave my bed of clay.
- 6 Then welcome harmless grave, By thee to heaven I'll go, Immanuel's death shall save My ALL from hell below.

221. C. M.

The blessed death of the righteous, Numb. xxiii, 10.

- 1 WITH what a fix'd and peaceful mind The righteous man expires! Behold him breathing out his soul In hopes and blest desires!
- 2 Eternal glory now begins To draw upon his eyes, And Jesus animates his song, While languishing he lies.
- 3 No sins or fears disturb his soul, Nor terror from below; No worldly glory stops his flight, Or makes him loth to go.
- 4 Bright hosts of angels round his bed With holy ardor stand;
 Ready to bear aloft his soul
 At Jesus' high command.

5 O how this bright, this blessed hope, My longing spirit warms!

O let me live and die like him, Enclos'd in Jesus arms.

223. C. M.

Death solemn and unforeseen, Psalm ciii, 16,

- What mortal things are men!
 We just arise—and soon we fall,
 To mix with earth again.
- 2 'Twas sin that brought in all our wo, And gave to death his power; Hence all our painful sorrows flow, Till life's departing hour.
- 3 'Tis God that fixes each event Of varying life or death; By him revolving years are lent, Or he arrests our breath.
- 4 Thankful we own thy goodness past, Thou sovereign Lord of all: Watching may each be found at last, To hear the Bridegroom's call.
- 5 Oh! fit us for thy sovereign will, Thy mercy, Lord, impart; Help us thy pleasure to fulfil, And yield thee all our heart.

223. L. M.

Death approaching, Psalm xc, 12.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, nor slumbering lie Amid the gloomy haunts of death; Perhaps the destin'd hour is nigh, Commission'd for thy parting breath.
- 2 That awful hour will soon appear, Swift on the wings of time it flies, When all that pains or pleases here, Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 3 Death calls my friends, my neighbors hence, And none resist the fatal dart: Continual warnings strike my sense, And shall they fail to reach my heart?
- 4 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardor, grace divine;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
 For strength, and life, and death art thine.
- 5 O teach me the celestial skill, Each awful warning to improve; And while my days are short'ning still, Prepare me for the joys above.

224. L. M.

The fears of death overcome, Heb. xi, 15.

I CANNOT shun the stroke of death, Lord, help me to surmount the fear; That when I must resign my breath, Serene my summons I may hear.

- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart, In me let every sin be slain; From secret faults, Lord cleanse my heart, From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal, Closely the ends of life pursue, Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil, And honor thee in all I do.
- 4 On Jesus would I fix my eyes,
 Once dead, but now enthron'd on high;
 Glorious I hope with him to rise,
 Why fear I, then, with him to die?
- 5 Oh! for a heart that soars above, And scorns the trifles here below: A heart well warm'd with holy love, But dead to sense and outward show.
- 6 Let all my bliss and treasure lie, Where in Thy light I light shall see: The soul may freely dare to die, That longs to be possess'd of thee.
- 7 Say, thou art mine; and chase the gloom Thick hanging o'er the vale of death; Then shall I, fearless, meet my doom, And as a victor yield my breath.

227. L. M.

Christ's resurrection a filedge of ours.

- 1 WHEN I the holy grave survey, Where once my Savior deign'd to lie; I see fulfill'd what prophets say, And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
 Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
 Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!
- Our surety, freed, declares us free, For whose offences he was seiz'd:
 In his release our own we see,
 And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.
- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead, Unseals his eyes to sleep no more; And ever lives, their cause to plead, For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold; See the rich diadem he wears! Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold, To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Tho' in the dust I lay my head, Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave My flesh for ever with the dead, Nor lose thy children in the grave.

Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv, 57.

- WHEN death appears before my sight, In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight, My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious Leader nigh! My Lord, my Savior lives: Before him death's pale terrors fly, And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above, To meet the tyrant's dart; And O amazing pow'r of love! Receiv'd it in his heart!
- 4 O for the eye of faith divine
 To pierce beyond the grave!
 To see that friend, and call him mine,
 Whose arm is strong to save.

PART SECOND.

- 5 Lord I commit my soul to thee— Accept the sacred trust; Receive this nobler part of me, And watch my sleeping dust;
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come, When all thy saints shall rise, And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom, Attend thee to the skies;
- When thy triumphant armies sing The honors of thy name;

And heav'n's eternal arches ring With glory to the Lamb:

And with the blissful throng, Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise, In everlasting song.

228. C. M.

Resurrection of the body, 1 Thes. iv, 16, 17.

1 SEE the Captain of salvation, Leads his armies up the sky: Rise above the conflagration, Leave the world to burn and die.

2 Lo! I see the fair immortals Enter to the blissful seats; Glory opens wide her portals, And the Savior's train admits.

All the chosen of the Father,
All for whom the Lamb was slain,
All the church appear together,
Wash'd from ev'ry sinful stain.

[4 There is found no vacant station,
Nor a single throne unfill'd;
All enjoy the same salvation,
Whom he lov'd, and bought, and seal'd.]

5 His dear smiles the place enlighten,
More than thousand suns could do;
All around his presence brighten,
Changeless yet for ever new.

- 6 Countless millions, sons of heaven, Praise the Triune Deity: Hymns of worship and thanksgiving Echo thro' immensity.
- 7 Blessed state! beyond conception!
 Who its vast delights can tell?
 May it be my blissful portion,
 With my Savior there to dwell!

227. P. M.

Judgment, 1 Thes. iv, 16, 17.

- 1 BEHOLD! the awful day comes on,
 When Jesus on his righteous throne,
 Shall in the clouds appear:
 With solemn pomp shall bow the sky,
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 Arraign us at his bar.
- 2 But first th' archangel's trump shall blow, Our scatter'd dust its voice shall know, And quicken at the sound; The sea shall then give up her dead, And nations, starting from their bed, Shall cleave the opening ground.
- 3 The dead in Christ shall first awake,
 The faithful few, who, for his sake,
 On earth were justified:
 Guarded by a scraphic band,
 Aloft they mount to his right hand,
 In whom they liv'd and died.

Bee next the guilty crowd arise,
Beholding, with reluctant eyes,
The glories of the Lamb;
While taunting fiends impatient wait,
To hurl them from the judgment seat,
To hell's eternal flame.

5 But O! thou Savior of mankind, Display thy power, and to the blind Effectual light afford; Snatch them from unbelief and sin, And now compel them to come in, And tremble at thy word.

229. L. M.

Circumstances of the judgment-day, 2 Peter iii, 11, 12.

- 1 MY waken'd soul extend thy wings Beyond the verge of mortal things: See this vain world in smoke decay, And rocks and mountains melt away.
- 2 Behold the fi'ry deluge roll
 Thro' heaven's wide arch, from pole to pole!
 Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
 Tremble, and fall, ye starry host.
- 3 Children of Adam, all appear Around the awful Judge's bar; For, as his lips pronounce, ye go To endless bliss, or endless wo.

4 Lord, to mine eyes this scene display, Frequent thro' each revolving day, And let thy grace my soul prepare, To meet its full redemption there,

231. P.M.

The last judgment, Rev. i, 7; vi, 14.

I. LO he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!

Jesus now shall ever reign.

2. Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pietc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away."

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home.
All creation

Travails, groans, and bids thee come,

6 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

232. P. M.

The day of judgment, Matt. xxiv, 29, 31; xxv, 34.

1 LO! He cometh! countless trumpets Blow to raise the sleeping dead; 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels, See their great exalted head! Hallelujah, Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers, Thro' the eternal deep resounds; Now resplendent shine his nail-prints, Every eye shall see his wounds;

They who pierc'd him Shall at his appearance, wail,

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him;

19

Now the joyful sentence hear: Hallelujah, Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,

"Enter into life and joy;

"Banish all your fears and sorrows,

"Endless praise be your employ."

Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now, at once, they rise to glory, Jesus brings them to the King; There with all the hosts of heaven, They eternal anthems sing: Hallelujah, Boundless glory to the Lamb.

233. L. & P. M.

The last judgment, Rev. xi, 15-19.

- 1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
 He's welcome to the faithful soul;
 Welcome, welcome—
- From heaven angelic voices sound, See the almighty Jesus crown'd; Girt with omnipotence and grace, And glory decks the Savior's face; Glory, glory—
 - 3 Descending on his azure throne, He claims the kingdom for his own;

The kingdoms all obey his word,
All hail him their triumphant Lord;
Hail him, hail him-

4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our God who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns;

Ever, ever-

5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done;
We welcome thee, great Three-in-one;
Welcome, welcome...

234. P. M.

The day of judgment, a day of wonders, 1 Thes, iv, 16; Rev. xx, 11.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing, Cloth'd in majesty divine! You, who long for his appearing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!" Gracious Savior, Own me in that day for thine! 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life, from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow!
You, for ever,
Shell my love and clove know?"

Shall my love and glory know."

May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

235. L. M.

The books oftened, Rev. xx, 12.

- 1 BEHOLD! the last great day is come; Methinks I hear the trumpet's sound, That shakes the earth, rends every tomb, And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust, Aw'd by the Judge's high command; Both small and great now their quit dust, And round the dread tribunal stand!

- Behold the awful books display'd, Big with th' important fates of men; Each deed and word now public made, As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul the books assign
 The joyous or the dread reward;
 Sinners, in vain, lament and pine,
 No pleas the Judge will here regard,
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold, May life's fair book my soul approve; There may I read my name enroll'd, And triumph in redeeming love.

236. P. M.

The terrors of the last day.

WHEN the fierce north-wind, with his airy forces,

Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury; And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes

Rushing amain down,

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!

While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,

Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,

Quick to devour them,

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,

(If things eternal may be like these earthly)

Such the dire terror, when the great archangel

Shakes the creation;

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heav'n,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them

5Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches! Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies

Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings

And the smart twinges, where the eye be-

Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance

Rolling before him.

7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,

While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,

Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong

Down to the centre!

8 Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid, Doleful ideas) come, arise to Jesus; How he sits God-like! and the saints around him

Thron'd: yet adoring!

9 O may I sit there, when he comes triumphant, Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory, While our hosannas, all along the passage,

Shout the Redeemer!

237. C. M.

Rebels appearing in judgment, Luke xix, 27.

- 1 HE comes, the royal Conqueror comes! His legions fill the sky; Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh.
- 2 Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage Against this sovereign lord! What madness urges to engage The terror of his sword?
- 3 "Bring forth (he cries) those sons of pride, "That scorn'd my gentle sway, "To prove the arm they once defy'd "Omnipotent to slay."
- 4 Tremendous scene of wrath divine! How wide the vengeance spreads! His pointed darts of lightning shine Round their defenceless heads.
- 5 Now let the rebels seek that face, From which they cannot flee; And thou, my soul, adore the grace. That sweetly conquer'd thee.

238. P. M.

Longing for a place at the right hand of the Judge.

- 1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge shalt come To fetch thy ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Tho' vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought!
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this th' accepted day:
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring;
 With shouts of sovereign grace,

239. L. M.

Hell, Mark ix, 44-48.

- I HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound: It chills the heart, and shocks the ear: It spreads a sickly damp around, And makes the guilty quake with fear.
- 2 Far from the utmost verge of day, In frightful gloom the region lies: Fierce flames amidst the darkness play, And thick sulphureous vapors rise.
- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm, With constant torture gnaws the heart; And wo and wrath, in every form, Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.
 - 4 Fierce fiends insulting stand around, Upbraid with guilt, and feed the flames: From every quarter groans resound, Despairing shricks and hideous screams.
 - 5 Sad world of wo! what heart can bear, Hopeless, in all these pangs to lie! Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair, And ever dying, ne'er to die?
 - 6 Lord, that I may these horrors shun, Now let me mine offences mourn: Seek pardon thro' thy bleeding Son, And to my God repenting turn.

240. S. M.

The final sentence, and misery of the wicked, Matt. xxv, 41.

- AND will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
 Shall such a sentence sound?
 And thro, the millions of the damn'd,
 Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
 "To everlasting flame,
 "For rebel angels first prepar'd,
 "Where mercy never came."
- How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven, before his face,
 Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
 What joyful tidings spread!
- Ye sinners, seek his grace, Whose wrath ye cannot bear; Fly to the shelter of his cross, And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove, By which the Savior bled; And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head.

241. C. M.

The promised land.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal grow: There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day: Then God the Son for ever reigns, And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore: Sickness, and sorrow, pain, and death, Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul Can here no longer stay: Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

242. C. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem, Rev. xxi.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home, Name ever dear to me! When shall my labors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold:
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold.
 - 3 O when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend; Where congregations ne'er break up, And sabbaths have no end?
 - 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you.
 - 5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo, Or feel at death, dismay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there, Around my Savior stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end When I thy joys shall see.

243. C. M.

The joys of heaven. Ps. xxi, 11.

- I COME Lord, and warm each languid heart, Inspire each lifeless tongue; And let the joys of heaven impart Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care, And discord there shall cease; And perfect joy, and love sincere Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free, Shall mourn its power no more; But, cloth'd in spotless purity, Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright)
 Th' exalted Savior shines;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.
- There shall the followers of the Lamb Join in immortal songs;

20

And endless honors to his name Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love, Our feeble notes inspire; 'Till, in thy blissful courts above, We join the angelic choir.

244. C. M.

Rejoicing in salvation as near, Rom. xiii, 11.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; Awake, and praise that sovereign love, That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies, Each moment brings it near; Then welcome each declining day, And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand reveal'd To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course; Ye mortal powers, decay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day.

Salvation and exulting joy, Rom. x, 6-8.

- AND is salvation brought so near, Where sinful men expiring lie? Exult, my soul, the sound to hear, And shout it joyous to the sky.
- 2 I ask not, who to heaven shall scale, That Christ the Savior thence may come; Or who earth's inmost depths assail, To bring him from the dreary tomb.
- 3 From heaven, on wings of love, he flew, And, Conqueror, from the tomb he sprung; My heart believes the witness true, And dictates to my faithful tongue.
 - 4 I sing salvation brought so near, No more on earth, expiring, lie; I teach the world my joys to hear, And shout them to the echoing sky.

246. L. M.

- I AND is this heaven? and am I there?
 How short the road! how swift the flight!
 I am all life, all eye, all ear;
 Jesus is here—my soul's delight.
- 2 Is this the heavenly friend who hung In blood and anguish on the tree,

Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung, Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

- 3 How fair, thou offspring of my God! Thou first-born image of his face! Thy death procur'd this bless'd abode, Thy vital beams adorn the place.
- 4 Lo! he presents me at the throne
 All spotless; there the godhead reigns
 Sublime and peaceful through the Son
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

247. L. M.

Employment of saints in heaven, Rev. xvi, 1--5.

- 1 ON Zion's glorious summit stood,
 A num'rous host redeem'd by blood;
 They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
 I heard the song and strove to join.
- 2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame For truth, or Jesus' lovely name, Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And bow before the great I Am.
- 3 While everlasting ages roll, Eternal love shall feast their soul; And scenes of bliss forever new, Rise in succession to their view.
- 4 Here Mary and Manasseh view, The dying thief, and Abraham too; With equal love their spirits flame, The same their joy, their song the same.

- 5 O sweet employ to sing and trace
 Th' amazing heights and dephts of grace;
 And spend from sin and sorrow free,
 A blissful, vast'eternity.
- 6 O what a sweet exalted song, When ev'ry tribe and every tongue, Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear, And join in one full chorus there!
- 7 My soul anticipates the day—
 Would stretch her wings and soar away,
 To aid the song, and palm to bear,
 And bow the chief of sinners there.

The worship of heaven, John xvii, 24.

- I O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne, Adoring saints and angels fall; And with delightful worship own His smile, their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head, While tuneful hallelujahs rise, And love, and joy, and triumph spread Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs To boundless rapture while they gaze; Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favorites of the Lamb Shall join at last the heavenly choir; O may the joy-inspiring theme Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Savior, let thy spirit seal Our interest in that blissful place; 'Till death remove this mortal veil, And we behold thy lovely face.

249. C. M.

The everlasting song.

- 1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long; 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Upward, dear Father to thy throne, And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Savior sits; The God, how bright he shines! And scatters infinite delights On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains, Circle the throne around; And move and charm the starry plains, With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing:
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

PAUSE.

[Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The godhead of the Son!

- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play;
 And bring the Father's equal down
 To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the man!
 (The God resides within:)
 His flesh all pure without a stain,
 His soul without a sin.
- 8 But when to Calvary they turn, Silent their harps abide: Suspended songs, a moment, mourn The God that lov'd and dy'd.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains They summon every chord: Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains, And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song, And be an angel too;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you.

- 11 I would begin the music here, And so my soul shall rise: O for some heavenly notes to bear My passions to the skies!
- 12 There ye that love my Savior sit:
 There I would fain have place,
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,
 So I might see your face.

250. P. M.

Heavenly music.

- WHAT a rapturous song,
 When the glorified throng
 In the spirit of harmony join!
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burden is mercy divine!
- Hallelujah, they cry,
 To the king of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I Am!
 The Lamb that was slain
 Now liveth again;
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

PART III.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

SECT. 1.

FOR A STATE OF SERIOUS CONCERN, REGEN-ERATION, SPIRITUAL COMFORT, AND HOLY TRIUMPH.

251. C. M.

Renewing grace, Psalm, li, 10.

- 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies, Unconscious of its load! The heart, unchang'd, can never rise To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine The stubborn will subdue? 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall, And upwards bid them rise; And make the scales of error fall From reason's darken'd eyes.
 - 4 To chase the shades of death away, And bid the sinner live; A beam of heaven, a vital ray, 'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours, And give them life divine! Then shall our passions and our powers, Almighty Lord, be thine.

252. L. M.

The Christian awakened—what must I do to be saved? Acts ix, 6.

- 1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes, My guilty soul for mercy cries: What shall I do or whither flee, T' escape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 'Till now I saw no danger nigh; I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die; Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride, "I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine Had shone on this dark soul of mine, Then I beheld with trembling awe, The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears, In childhood, youth, and growing years! Before thy pure, discerning eye, Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue, Death and destruction are my due; Yet mercy can my guilt forgive, And bid a dying sinner live.

O Does not thy sacred word proclaim Salvation free in Jesus' name? To him I look and humbly cry, "O save a wretch condemned to die!"

253. C. M.

A concern to be saved, Psalm cxxxix, 23, 24.

- I IF I have never yet begun
 To tread the sacred road,
 Lord, teach my wandering feet the way
 To Zion's blest abode!
- 2 Or, if I'm trav'ling in the path, Assist me with thy strength; And let me swift advances make, And reach thy heaven at length.
- 3 My care, my hope, my first request Are all compris'd in this, To follow where thy saints have led, And then partake their bliss.

254. P. M.

Sin'a hard service, Prov. xiii, 15; Acts ix, 5.

SHALL sin, that cruel foe,
Still reign within my breast!
Shall sin, that source of wo,
Be welcom'd as my guest!
Shall I its transient joys regard,
Though God declares its service hard!

- -2 Shall conscience sound alarms,
 And smite with angry rod!
 Shall Sinai's gathering storms
 Make known the wrath of God!
 Yet sin prevail, (their voices unheard)
 Though all declare its service hard.
 - O Jesus, heavenly friend,
 Thy saving arm reveal!
 Then to thy yoke we'll bend.
 And not one sin conceal!
 Thy cross shall bring its own reward,
 Nor shall we find thy service hard.

255. P. M.

Ye must be born again.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go;
 O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 Or sink to endless wo.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near;
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 Still sounded in mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled, It pour'd its curses on my head, I no relief could find;

This fearful truth increas'd my pain, The sinner must be BORN AGAIN, O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast unwieldy load;
 Alas! I read and saw it plain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell How Jesus conquer'd death and hell, And broke the fowler's snare, Yet, when I found this truth remain, The sinner must be BORN AGAIN, I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
 And felt his pity move;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now, by his grace, is BORN AGAIN,
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise;
 All hail, the Lamb who once was slain!
 Unnumber'd millions, BORN AGAIN,
 Will shout thine endless praise.

256. C. M.

Sin confessed and deprecated, Psalm cxxx, 3.

- 1 LORD, we are sinners in thy sight, Transgressors of thy laws, Nor dare we to our innocence Presume to trust our cause.
- 2 Thy curses thunder o'er our heads, And sound their dire alarms: And where's the worm prepar'd to meet Omnipotence in arms?
- 3 Stretch forth thine hand, almighty love, Repeat thy deeds of fame, And snatch the brands, to ruin doom'd From hell's devouring flame.
- 4 Then shall we in our grateful songs, Employ our future days, And, through a bless'd eternity, Immortal anthems raise.

257. L. M.

The sinner found wanting, Dan. v, 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye; Behold the balance lifted high; There shall God's justice be display'd, And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

- 2 See, in one scale his perfect law, Mark, with what force its precepts draw; Wouldst thou the awful test sustain, Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold, the hand of God appears
 To trace these dreadful characters;
 "Tekel, thy soul is wanting found,
 "And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."
- Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace, Confusion wild o'erspread thy face; Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll, And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail, Christ, in the scripture turns the scale; Still doth the gospel publish peace, And shew a Savior's righteousness.
- 6 Jesus, exert thy power to save,
 Deep in this heart thy truth engrave;
 Great God, the load of guilt remove,
 That trembling lips may sing thy love.

258. C. M.

Longing for deliverance, Exod. iii, 7-9.

1 OUT of the iron furnace, Lord, To thee for help I cry, I listen to thy warning word, And would from Egypt fly.

- 2 Long have I bow'd to sin's command, But now I would be free, 'Scape from the dire oppressor's land, And live, O God, to thee.
- 3 Hast thou not surely seen my grief?

 Hast thou not heard me groan?

 O hasten then to my relief,

 In pitying love come down.

Confession and plea of the chief of sinners, Job xi, 4.

- 1 THY judgments, righteous God, are just; Yet bears thy love with guilty dust! But me—such matchless crimes debase, Justice forbids to shew me grace.
- 2 Yes, my black list of numerous stains Leaves me no choice—but penal pains! Thy attributes my bliss oppose, Mercy itself decrees my woes!
- 3 Tis just—thy glory claims it all!
 These very tears offensive fall:
 I own thy vengeful rigors due—
 Strike, with thy bolts, this miscreant thro!
- 4 Strike! if thy holy, righteous eye Can that, that single sin descry,

Which He, who my whole debt did pay, Shed not his blood to wash away.*

260. C. M.

The alarmed sinner's plea.

- IF, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found, And mercy may be sought, My heart with inward horror shrinks, And trembles at the thought.
- When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd In majesty severe, And sit in judgment on my soul— O how shall I appear!
- 4 Lord, see the sorrows of my heart,
 My inward anguish heal;
 And, by my Savior's dying groans,
 Assuage the pains I feel.
- 5 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
 To make that pardon sure.

^{*}Translated from M. Des Bareaux, who had been one of the greatest Libertines in France, and was after wards as remarkable a Penitent.

The convinced soul applying to Christ, Matt. xx, 30, 31.

- 1 AWAK'D from sin's delusive sleep, My heavy guilt I feel, and weep; Beneath a weight of woes opprest, Jesus, I run to thee for rest.
- 2 O! from thy throne of bliss above, Send down a look of heavenly love; That balm shall sweeten all my pain, And my sad soul shall smile again!
- 3 By thy divine transforming power, My ruin'd nature raise, restore; And let my life and temper shine, In fair conformity to thine.

262. C. M.

Wishing happiness in God, Psalm xxvii, 4.

- 1 WHEN fill'd with grief, my anxious heart To thee, my God complains, Sweet pleasure mingles with the smart, And softens all my pains.
- 2 Earth flies with all her soothing charms, Nor I the loss deplore, No more, ye phantoms, mock my arms, Nor teaze my spirits mbre.

- 3 I languish for superior joy To all that earth bestows; For pleasure which can never cloy, Nor change, nor period knows.
- 4 Still, must the scenes of bliss remain Conceal'd from mortal eyes? And must my wishes rise in vain, And never reach the skies?
- 5 My God, O could I call thee mine, Without a wavering fear, This would be happiness divine, A heaven of pleasure here!
- 6 This joy my wishes long to find, To this my heart aspires; A bliss immortal as the mind, And yast as its desires.

263. S. M.

The penitent's request, Psalm xiii, 1-3.

- I JESUS, thy light impart,
 And lead me in thy path;
 I have an unbelieving heart,
 But thou canst give me faith.
- 2 Thy love all power hath, Its power in me exert; And give me living, active faith, That purifies the heart.

- Unrivall'd, reign within,
 My only sovereign be;
 O crucify the man of sin,
 And form thyself in me.
- Thy blood's renewing might,
 Can make the foulest clean;
 Can wash the Ethiopean white,
 And change the leopard's skin.
- That, Lord, can bring me nigh,
 And wipe my sins away;
 Can lift my abject soul on high,
 And call me into day.
- Fulfil thy gracious word,
 And shew my guilt forgiven:
 Bid me embrace my dying Lord,
 And mount with him to heaven.

The weary and heavy laden, Matt. xi, 28, 29.

- OH! that my load of sin were gone! Oh that I could, at last submit At Jesus' feet to lay me down, To lay my life at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find, Savior, if mine indeed thou art, Give me thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart:

- 3 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb, The God of my salvation see? Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am, And yet I cannot come to thee.
- 4 Come, Lerd the drooping sinner cheer, Nor let thy chariot wheels delay; Appear, in my poor heart appear, My God, my Savior, come away.

Supplicating—Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me, Mark x, 47.

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation; See I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelm'd with helpless grief, Prostrate at thy feet repenting, Send, O send me quick relief!
- Whither should a wretch be flying, But to him who comfort gives? Whither, from the dread of dying, But to him who ever lives?
- 4 [While I view thee, wounded, grieving, Breathless on the cursed tree, Fain I'd feel my heart believing That thou sufferest thus for me.

- 5 With thy rightcousness and spirit, I am more than angels blest; Heir with thee all things inherit, Peace, and joy, and endless rest
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing, I should be a wretch undone; Search thro' heaven, the land of blessing, Seeking good and finding none.]
- 7 Hear then, blessed Savior, hear me, My soul cleaveth to the dust; Send the Comforter to cheer me, Lo! in thee I put my trust.
- 8 On the word thy blood hath seal'd, Hangs my everlasting all; Let thine arm be now reveal'd, Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 9 In the world of endless ruin, Let it never, Lord, be said, "Here's a soul that perish'd suing "For the boasted Savior's aid!"
- 10 Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory
 Thro' the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptur'd with thy love!

- Longing for an interest in the Redeemer; or, venturing on the mercy of God, in Christ.
- I GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear, My requests vouchsafe to hear; Hear my never-ceasing cry, Give me Christ or else I die.
- Wealth and honor I disdain, Earthly comforts, Lord are vain; These can never satisfy, Give me Christ, or else I die!
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt, Only ease me of my guilt; Suppliant at thy feet I lie, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean, I am nothing else but sin; On thy mercy I rely, Give me Christ or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost, In thy grace alone I trust: With my earnest suit comply, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive All who in thy Son believe; Lord, I know thou canst not lie, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown? Let me shelter in thy Son; Jesus, to thine arms I fly, Come and save me, or I die-

267. S. M.

Confession and pardon, 1 John i, 9; Prov. xxxiii, 13.

- 1 MY sorrows like a flood, Impatient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.
- This impious heart of mine Could once defy the Lord, Could rush with violence unto sin, In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood A rebel to the skies, And yet, and yet, O matchless grace! Thy thunder silent lies.
- O shall I never feel
 The meltings of thy love?
 Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
 That mercy cannot move?
- O'crcome by dying love,
 Here at the cross I lie;
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
 And weep, and love, and die
- 6 "Rise," says the Savior, "rise,
 "Behold my wounded veins;
 "Here flows a sacred crimson flood,
 "To wash away thy stains."
- See, God is reconcil'd!
 Behold his smiling face!
 Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
 And sound aloud his grace.

268. P. M.

The joy of pardon'd sin, Gen. xlii, 7, xlv, 1-5.

- 1 WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld, Afflicted and trembling with fear, His heart with compassion was fill'd; From weeping he could not forbear. Awhile his behavior was rough, To bring their past sin to their mind; But when they were humbled enough, He hasted to shew himself kind.
- 2 Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came, And laden with guilt to the Lord, Surrounded with terror and shame, Unable to utter a word.

 At first, he look'd stern and severe; What anguish then pierced my heart!

 Expecting each moment to hear

 The sentence, "Thou cursed depart!"
- 3 But, Oh! what surprise when he spoke; While tenderness beam'd in his face, My heart then to pieces was broke, O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace: "Poor, sinner, I know thee full well, "By thee, I was sold, and was slain, "But died to redeem thee from hell, "And raise thee in glory to reign."
- 4 "I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd, "And crucifi'd often afresh; "But let me, henceforth, be esteem'd "Thy boother, thy bone, and thy flesh:

22

"My pardon I freely bestow,
"Thy wants I will fully supply;
"I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
"And soon will I remove thee on high."

5 "Go, publish to sinners around,
"That they may be willing to come,
"The mercy, which now thou hast found,
"And tell them that yet there is room."
O, sinners the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

269. C. M.

And when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both, Luke vii, 42.

- 1 MERCY is welcome news indeed,
 To those that guilty stand,
 Wretches, that feel what help they need,
 Will bless the helping hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his alms dispose, Must give them to the poor; None but the wounded patient knows The comforts of his cure.
- We all have sinn'd against our God, Exception none can boast: But he that feels the heaviest load, Will prize forgiveness most.

- 4 No reck'ning can we rightly keep, For who the sums can know? Some souls are fifty pieces deep, And some five hundred owe.
- 5 But let our debts be what they may, However great or small: As soon as we have nought to pay, Our Lord forgives us all.
- 6 "Tis perfect poverty alone,
 That sets the soul at large;
 While we can call one mite our own,
 We have no full discharge.

270. C. M.

Filial submission, Heb. xii, 7.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high, To say, "My Father, God!" Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie, And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will, For thou art good and wise! Let every anxious thought be still, Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom, And bid me wait serene; Till hopes and joys immortal bloom, And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father!"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

271. C. M.

I will look to the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me, Mic. vii, 7.

- 1 MY God, for I can call thee mine, My Father and my friend; Am I not thine, for ever thine? To thee my groans ascend.
- 2 My God!—How pleasing is the sound! What can I wish for more? In thee, my God, my soul has found An everlasting store.
- 3 My God, I still repeat the cry, Bring thy salvation near: My God, do thou my wants supply, And manifest thy care.
- 4 This word can lighten every care!
 While I can say,—my God,
 Fulness in poverty I share,
 And satisfying food.
- 5 Eternal thanks to thy great name; Whose grace hath made me thine: Nothing shall put my soul to shame While I can call thee mine.

6 Let grateful thanks to Jesus rise, Who bought me with his blood, Who gave his life a sacrifice Ere I could say,—My God.

7 Joyful in tribulation now, I bless my God and King; Of mercy, and of judgment too, With cheerful voice I sing.

272. C. M.

Why weepest thou? John xx, 23.

1 WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies?

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint, Or the chastising rod? Dost thou an evil heart lament, And mourn an absent God?

3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee;
And then, I would, O that I might!
A constant weeper be!
*92

273. C. M.

The contrite heart, Isa. lvii, 15.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain, Insensible as steel; If aught is felt 'tis only pain To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd To love thee if I could; But often feel another mind, Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few, I fain would strive for more; But when I cry, "My strength renew," Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know, And love thy house of prayer; I sometimes go where others go, But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache; Decide this doubt for me; And if it be not broken; break, And heal it, if it be.

274. P. M.

Fears removed. It is I, be not afraid, John vi, 20.

- 1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin, From first to last, O Lord, I've been! Deceitful is my heart:
 Guilt presses down my burden'd soul, But Jesus can the waves control, And bid my fears depart.
- When first I heard his word of grace, Ungratefully I hid my face, Ungratefully delay'd: At leugth his voice more powerful came, "Tis I," he cry'd, "I still the same, "Thou need'st not be afraid."
- 3 My heart was chang'd, in that same hour,
 My soul confess'd his mighty power,
 Out flow'd the briny tear:
 I listen'd still to hear his voice,
 Again he said, "In me rejoice,
 "'Tis I, thou need'st not fear."
- 4 "Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd,

 "Freely I love," he soon reply'd,

 "On me thy faith be staid:

 "On me for every thing depend,

 "I'm Jesus still, the sinner's friend,

 "Thou needst not be afr aid."

275. P. M.

I will trust and not be afraid, Isaiah xii, 1.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief,
 My Savior is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear;
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide;
 Though cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken
 Shall surely prevail.
- His love in time past,
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink;
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death;

And can he have taught me To trust in his name, And thus far have brought me To put me to shame?

- Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their Lord.
- How bitter that cup,
 No heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up,
 That sinners might live!
 His way was much rougher,
 And darker than mine;
 Did Christ, my Lord suffer,
 And shall I repine?
- Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant
 The conqueror's song!

276. L, M. Divine forgiveness, Luke vii, 47.

- 1 FORGIVENESS, 'tis a joyful sound To malefactors doom'd to die; Publish the bliss the world around; Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine; 'Tis full out-measuring every crime; Unclouded shall its glories shine, And feel no change, by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand, And like the mountains for their size, The seas of sovereign grace expand, The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven What grateful honors shall we show? Where much transgression is forgiven Let love in equal ardors glow.
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With various holiness be crown'd,
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
 In all abide in all abound.

277. P. M.

Holy confidence, Rom. viii, 15, 16.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears; Before the throne my surety stands; My name is written on his hands.

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3

My God is reconcil'd,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father cry!

278. P. M.

Spiritual joy, Psalm xxx, 5.

I JESUS, thy saving name I bless,
Deliver'd out of my distress,
Thy faithfulness I prove;
I magnify thy mercy's power:
My refuge in the trying hour,
Was thy almighty love.

2 Hereby thou favor'st me, I know, Because thou would'st not let the foe My hunted soul destroy: Better than life thy favor is,
'Tis pure delight, and perfect bliss,
And everlasting joy.

3 Sav'd by a miracle of grace,
Lord, I with thankful heart embrace
The token of thy love:
This, this the comfortable sign,
That I the first-born church shall join,
And bless thy name above.

279. P. M.

The pleasures of holy love.

1 HOW sweet to recline
On the bosom divine, [thine;
And taste, Lord, the comforts peculiar to
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move

Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace, [praise;
Thy mercy demands, and shall have all the
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almigthy, and free.

3 Thy workmanship we
More fully would be; [to thee:
Lord, stretch out thy hand, and conform us
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

More of thee below;
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,

"Salvation to Jesus," though heaven shall re-

280. C. M.

The delight of gratitude, Hos. ii, 4.

1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!

How soft, and yet how strong!

While power, and truth, and love combine

To draw our souls along.

2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears, In rich profusion flows, And glory of unnumber'd years Eternity bestows.

4 Drawn by such cords we onward move, Till round thy throne we meet! And captives, in the chains of love, Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

281. L. M.

The Christian's triumph, Rom. viii, 34-37.

- I IMMOVEABLE our hope remains, Within the vail our anchor lies; Jesus who wash'd us from our stains Shall bear us safely to the skies.
- 2 Strong in his strength we boldly say, For us Immanuel shed his blood, Who then shall tear our shield away, Or part us from the love of God?
- 3 Can tribulation, or distress, Or persecution's fiery sword? Can satan rob us of our peace, Or prove too mighty for the Lord?
- 4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand, Seal'd with his Spirit's inward seal; We soon shall gain the promis'd land, Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of hell.
- 5 The winds may roar, the floods beset, And rain impetuous, descend; Yet will he not his own forget, But love, and save them to the end.

282. L. M.

Praise for delivering grace, Psalm ciii, 2-4.

1 TO God, my Savior, and my King, Fain would my soul her tribute bring; Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise, For ye have known and felt his grace.

- Wretched and helpless once I lay, Just breathing all my life away; He saw me, welt'ring in my blood, And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief; Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief; Pour'd joys divine into my heart, And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love my dearest Lord,
 Deep on my breast I will record;
 The life which I of thee receive,
 To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
 Through thee remainder of my days;
 And when I join the powers above,
 My soul shall better sing thy love,

283. C. M.

The happy retrospect, Psalm xxx, 11, 12.

- 1 THEE, Lord, my thankful soul would bless, Thee all my powers adore; Thy hand has rais'd me from distress, My foes rejoice no more.
- 2 O Lord, my God, oppress'd with grief,
 To thee I breath'd my cry;
 Thy mercy brought divine relief,
 And wip'd my tearful eye.

3 Again I hear thy voice divine, New joys exulting bound; My robes of mourning I resign, And gladness girds me round.

284. C. M.

The flock of Christ rejoicing in him, 1 Pet. i, 25.

1 LET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd, Our Shepherd's mercy bless; Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd, Shew forth our thankfulness.

Hal.

Not unto us, to thee alone, Be praise and glory given; Here shall thy praises be begun, But carried on in heaven.

Hal.

3 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

Hal.

4 Had we our tongues, like them, inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.
Hal.

5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when O Lord we reach the throng

And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne, We'll join in nobler praise. Hal.

285. L. M.

Glorying in God alone, Jer. ix, 23, 24.

- 1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great, Maintains his universal state; O'er all the earth his power extends; All heaven before his footstool bends.
- No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast: No more, ye strong, your valor trust: Nor let the rich survey his store; Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 3 Glory, my soul in this alone, That God, thy God, to thee is known; That thou hast own'd his sov'reign sway, That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 4 My wisdom, wealth, and power, I find In one Jehovah all combin'd! On him I fix my roving eyes, Till all my soul in raptures rise.
- 5 All else, which I my treasure call, May in one fatal moment fall; But what his happiness can move, Whom God the blessed deigns to love?

286. C. M.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling souls dismiss your fears, Be mercy all your theme; Mercy, which like a river flows In one continued stream.

- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell, God will these powers restrain; His mighty arm their rage repel, And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good, He will for his provide; Grant the supplies for daily food, And give them heaven beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake, Or leave his work undone; He's faithful to his promises, And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave, Or death's tremendous sting; He will from endless wrath preserve, To endless glory bring.

287. C. M.

Rejoicing in the name of Jesus.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme, While in this world we stay; We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name, When all things clse decay: When we appear in yonder cloud; With all his favor'd throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, * And Christ shall be our song.

288. C. M.

Rejoicing in Jesus, Phil. iii, 3.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing My dear Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and king, The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Savior and my God, Assist me to proclaim, And spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in a sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin, He sets the prisoners free: His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood avail'd for me.

289. C. M.

The heart given away, Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 IF there be passions in my soul,
 (And passions sure there be)
 Now they are all at thy control,
 My Jesus, all for thee.
- 2 If love, that pleasing power, can rest In hearts so hard as mine, Come, gentle Savior, to my breast, For all my love is thine.
- 3 Let all the world, with treacherous art, Allure my eyes in vain: I have convey'd away my heart, Ne'er to return again.
- 4 I feel my warmest passions dead To all that earth can boast; This soul of mine was never made For vanity and dust.
- 5 Now I can fix my thoughts above, Amidst their flatt'ring charms, Till the dear Lord, that hath my love, Shall call me to his arms.

290. L. M.

Praising God through the whole of our existence, Psalm cxlvi, 2.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;

The song shall wake with opening light, And warble to the silent night.

- When anxious cares would break my rest, And grief would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high, And check the murmur and the sigh.
- When death o'er nature shall prevail, And all its powers of language fail, Joys through my swimming eyes shall break. And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But Oh! when that last conflict's o'er And I am chain'd to flesh no more, With what glad accents shall I rise, To join the music of the skies.
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
 Which echo through the heavenly plains;
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round the throne.

291. C. M.

God our everlasting light, Isa. lx, 20.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light: Farewell thou ever-changing moon, Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames array'd, My soul that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief Shall swell into mine eyes; Nor the meridian sun decline, Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view,
 With infinite delight.

Grateful praise to the triune God, Eph. i, 3, 4.

- 1 TO God, who chose us in his Son,
 Ere time its course began;
 To Christ, who left his radiant throne,
 And died for wretched man!
 To God, the Spirit who applies
 The Lamb's atoning sacrifice.
- 2 To the eternal, equal Three, The undivided One, Let saints and angels both agree

To give the praise alone:— In earth, in heaven, by all ador'd, The holy, holy, holy Lord.

SECT. 2.

THE GRACES OF THE SPIRIT, AND CHRISTIAN TEMPERS.

293. S. M.

Precious faith, Eph. ii, 8; 2 Pet. i, 1.

- I FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd!
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God!
- Jesus it owns a King, An all-atoning priest; It claims no merit of its own, But looks for all in Christ.
- To him it leads the soul, When fill'd with deep distress; Flies to the fountain of his blood, And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free;
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
 To work this faith in me.

Faith fainting.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine:
 Disheartened with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load,
 All-plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
 - 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The Rock that is higher than I:
 Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy voice;
 Thy presence is fair to behold,
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 My groaning that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep:
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
 "Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet Lord, if thy love hath design'd No covenant blessing for me, Ah, tell me, how is it I find Some pleasure in waiting for thee?

Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
Come succor and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

295. P. M.

Faith reviving.

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
 Hast thou, O Father put to grief
 Thy spotless Son for me?
 And will the righteous Judge of men
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made, And to the utmost farthing paid Whate'er thy people ow'd; How then can wrath on me take place, If shelter'd in thy righteousness, And sprinkled with thy blood?
- 3 [If thou hast my discharge procur'd, And freely in my room endur'd The whole of wrath divine; Payment God cannot twice demand— First, at my bleeding surety's hand, And then again at mine.]
- 4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
 The merits of thy great High Priest
 Speak peace and liberty:
 Trust in his efficacious blood;
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

Faith conquering.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood;
Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he, through Christ, can oppose
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name,
 The work of God's Spirit it is;
 A principle active, and young,
 That lives under pressure and load;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 2 It treads on the world, and on Hell,
 It vanquishes death and despair;
 And O let us wonder to tell,
 It overcomes Heaven by prayer,—
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend;
 To hope his forgiveness as just;
 And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "Depart."

 That stand betwixt God and the soul;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole,

Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

297. P.M.

Faith triumphing.

Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring;
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began, The arm of his strength will complete; His promise is yea and amen, And never was forfeited yet. Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above Can make him his purpose forego, Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
Than glorify'd spirits in heaven.

298: C. M.

Weak believers encouraged.

- YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
 Bid every string awake:
- 2 Tho' in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above, We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.
- The time of love will come, When we shall clearly see
 Not only that he shed his blood,
 But each shall say, for Mr.
- 5 Tarry his leisure then,
 Wait the appointed hour;
 Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
 Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on thee! Who waits for thy salvation, Lord, Shall thy salvation see.

281

299. C. M.

Faith looking to heaven, Isa. xlv, 22.

- 1 FAITH leads to joys beyond the sky,
 Why, then is this weak mind
 Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
 To more than sense can find?
- 2 Sense can but furnish scenes of wo, In this low vale of tears; No groves of heavenly pleasures grow, No paradise appears.
- 3 Ah! why should this mistaken mind Still rove with restless pain? Delight on earth expect to find, Yet still expect in vain?
- 4 O thou, from whose almighty breath
 Faith first began² its rise,
 Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
 And bid it reach the skies.

300. C. M.

The penitent.

- PROSTRATE, dear Jesus at thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upwards to the mercy seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me hence: Stay, stay the vengeful storm: Forbid it that Omnipotence Should crush a feeble worm.

*24

- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord, And all my sins forgive: Justice will well approve the word, That bids the sinner live.

Penitential sighs.

- I FATHER, at thy call I come; In thy bosom there is room For a guilty soul to hide, Press'd with grief on every side.
- 2 Here I'll make my piteous moan; Thou canst understand a groan: Here my sins, and sorrows tell, What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah! how foolish I have been, To obey the voice of sin, To forget thy love to me, And to break my vows to thee.

- 4 Darkness fills my trembling soul, Floods of sorrow o'er me roll: Pity, Father, pity me; All my hope's alone in thee,
- 3 But, may such a wretch as I, Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die, Ever hope to be forgiven, And be smil'd upon by heaven?
- 6 May I round thee cling and twine, Call myself a child of thine, And presume to claim a part In a tender Father's heart?
- 7 Yes, I may, for I espy Pity trickling from thine eye: 'Tis a Father's bowels move, Move with pardon, and with love,
- 8 Well I do remember too
 What his love hath deign'd to do;
 How he sent a Savior down,
 All my follies to atone.
- 9 Has my elder brother died? And is justice satisfied? Why, O why should I despair-Of my Father's tender care?

303. S. M.

The penitential wish, Ezek. xiv, 6.

- 1 O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 A humble contrite heart!
- A heart with grief opprest
 At having griev'd my God,
 A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood!
- Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire,
 With true sincerity of wo
 My aching heart inspire.
- With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down,
 Strike with thy love's effectual stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.
- 5 Absorb'd in ceasless woe, No interval I crave; But softly all my days to go, Deep mourning to the grave.
- Till all my pains are past,
 And thou my soul require:
 But let me see thy face at last,
 And in thy arms expire.

303. C. M.

Penitence and hope.

- 1 DEAR Savior, when my thoughts recal The wonders of thy grace; Low at thy feet asham'd I fall, And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid? Ah, vile ungrateful heart! By earth's low cares, detain'd, betray'd, From Jesus to depart.—
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give True pleasure, peace, and rest: When absent from my Lord, I live Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- But he, for his own mercy's sake, My wandering soul restores: He bids the mourning heart partake The pardon it implores.
- 5 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord, The penitential sigh, Confirm the kind, forgiving word With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet, Rejoice to seek thy face; And grateful own how kind! how sweet! Thy condescending grace.

286

304. L. M.

Hope set before us.

- 1 AND be it so, that till this hour, We never knew what faith has meant, And, slaves to sin and Satan's power, Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do? Shall we lie down, Sink in despair, and groan, and die? And sunk beneath th' Almighty's frown, Not glance one cheerful hope on high?
- 3 Forbid it, Savior! to thy grace
 As sinners, strangers, we will come;
 Among thy saints we ask a place,
 For in thy mercy there is room.
- 4 Lord, we believe; O chase away
 The globmy clouds of unbelief:
 Lord we repent! O let thy ray
 Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!
- 5 Now spread the banner of thy love, And let us know that we are thine, Cheer us with blessings from above,— With all the joys of hope divine.

305. C. M.

Lively hope and gracious fear, Gen. xiii, 17.

I I WAS a grov'ling sinner once, And basely cleav'd to carth; I wanted spirit to renounce The clod that gave me birth.

- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm, And sent me from above, Wings, such as clothe an angel's form, The wings of joy and love.
- With these to Pisgah's top I fly, And there delighted stand, To view beneath a shining sky The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
 Has promis'd it to me!
 The length and breadth of all the plain,
 As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege! To thee for help I call; I stand upon a mountain's edge, O save me, lest I fall!
- 6 Though much exalted in the Lord, My strength is not my own; Then let me tremble at his word, And none shall cast me down.

Rejoicing in hope, Isa. xxxv, 10; Luke xii, 22;

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod

They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall sec.

- 3 O ye banish'd seed be glad! Christ our Advocate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes, Brother to our flesh becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest, You on Jesus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepar'd, There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ your father's Son, Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord! submissive make us go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our Leader be, And we still will follow thee!

307. P. M.

Divine love desired, Cant. i. 2.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest:
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive!
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave!
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing;
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by thee!
 Chang'd from glory unto glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Lovest thou me? John xxi, 15-17.

1 MY Lord, by sinners crucify'd,
By me ten thousand times deny'd,
And, (yet thy bowels move,
And yet thy heart relents for me)
Alas! what shall I answer thee,
When ask'd—if thee I love?

- 2 Not all thy passion's bleeding power, Before the acceptable hour, This flinty heart can move; Yet may I not to thee appeal? Thou know'st I would thy goodness feel, I would my Savior love.
- 3 Jesus, pronounce the softening word,
 And make me fully willing, Lord,
 The blessing to receive;
 My faithless heart in love renew,
 And then I shall, I shall prove true,
 And to thy glory live.
- 4 Then shall my tongue delight to own
 The wonders thou for me hast done,
 The blessings thou hast given;
 And gladly tell thee, o'er and o'er,
 Thou know'st, O Lord, I love thee more
 Than all the earth and heaven.

Love to God earnestly desired, Eph. iii, 17--19.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depth to see,
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For this I sigh, for this I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.
- With Mary, at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven, on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegoom's voice.
- O that with humble Peter I
 Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
 My faithfulness to prove;
 "Thou know'st (for all to thee is known)
 "Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
 "Thou know'st that I thee love."
- 6 O that I could, with favor'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 'The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

310. L. M.

Love to Christ present or absent.

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know, Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest; Love, the best blessing here below, The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While of thy absence we complain, And long, or weep in all we do, There's a strange pleasure in the pain, And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 3 When round thy courts by day we rove; Or ask the watchman of the night For some kind tidings of our love, Thy very name creates delight.
- 4 Jesus, our God, yet rather come; Our eyes would dwell upon thy face; 'Tis best to see our Lord at home, And feel the presence of his grace.

Lovest thou me? John xxi, 16.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know, Oft it causes anxious thought: Do I love the Lord, or no, Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus? Why this dull and lifeless frame? Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain, Prayer a task and burden prove; Every trifle give me pain, If I knew a Savior's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within, All is dark, and vain, and wild; Fill'd with unbelief and sin, Can I deem myself a child?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is mix'd with all I do; You that love the Lord indeed, Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will, Find my sin a grief and thrall; Should I grieve for what I feel, If I did not love at all?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet, Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;

25

Find, at times, the promise sweet, If I did not love the Lord?

- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
 Theu who art thy people's sun;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin today.

312. C. M.

Profession of love to Christ.

- AND have I, Christ, no love to thee, No passion for thy charms? No wish my Savior's face to see, And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude In this cold heart of mine, To him whose generous bosom glow'd With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name, His acts of kindness tell; And, while I dwell upon the theme, No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
 What heart but must detest!
 Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
 In every human breast.

A very wretch, Lord, I should prove, Had I no love to thee; Rather than not my Savior love, O may I cease to be!

313. P. M.

Supreme love to Christ.

- 3

- MY gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above
 To shout his adorable name.
 To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;
 To shine with the angels of light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing,
 To view, with eternal delight,
 My Josus, my Savior, my King.
- 3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,
 A darksome and restless abode,
 Molested with foes on each side,
 And longing to dwell with my God.
 O, when shall my spirit exchange,
 This cell of corruptible clay
 For mansions celestial, and range
 Thro' realms of ineffable day.

- 4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd:
 O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above,
 To gaze on the world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear
 Shall ever molest me again,
 Perfection of glory reigns there.
 This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God his full bounty displays.
- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away;
 The crown that my Savior bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows,
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

314. C. M.

Love to our neighbor; or the good Samaritan, Luke x. 29-37.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace All-powerful from above, To form in our obedient souls.

The image of thy love.

- O may our sympathizing breasts That generous pleasure know; Kindly to share in others' joy, And weep for others' wo.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief In low distress are laid, Soft be our hearts their pains to feel, And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
 When thron'd above the skies;
 And, 'midst the embraces of his God,
 He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Savior flew
 To raise us from the ground;
 And shed the richest of his blood,
 A balm for every wound.

315. S. M.

Christian love, Gal. iii, 28.

- LET party names no more
 The christian world o'erspread;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found:
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

- Let envy child of hell,
 Be banish'd far away;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

316. C. M.

Love to enemies, Luke xxiii, 34; Matt. v, 14.

- 1 WITH joy we sing the wondrous grace, Christ to his murderers bare; Which made the torturing cross its throne, And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried, With his expiring breath, And drew eternal blessings down On those who wrought his de ath.
- Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
 And whilst we sing, admire;
 Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
 The same celestial fire.
- Sway'd by thy dear example, we For enemies will pray;
 With love their hatred—and their curse With blessings—will repay.

SECT. 3.

FOR A STATE OF PERSECUTION AND OUTWARD TRIALS.

317. C. M.

Holy fortitude, 1 Cor. xvi, 13.

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carry'd to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?

 Must I not stem the flood?

 Is this vile world a friend to grace,

 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

Way of tribulation, Acts xiv, 22; Rom. viii, 37.

- HEAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee;
 'Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.
- We lift our hearts and voices With blest anticipation, And cry aloud, And give our God The praise of our salvation.
- We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favor;
 The love divine,
 Which makes us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.
- Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
- 5 The world, with sin and satan, In vain our march opposes, By thee we shall Break through them all, And sing the song of Moses.

6 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise,
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.

319. C. M.

God, our defence under persecution, Psalm iii.

- 1 LORD, how my numerous foes increase!

 How fast my troubles rise!

 To thee, the sacred spring of peace,

 My weary spirit flies.
- 2 My numerous foes awake my fears, While they exulting boast, "No heavenly aid for him appears, "And all his hopes are lost."
- 3 But thou, my glory and my shield, Wilt all my fears control, A strong defence thy arm shall yield, And raise my drooping soul.
- 4 What tho' ten thousand foes, in arms, Against me should appear; And war resound its dire alarms, I will not yield to fear.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine alone,
 And all thy saints shall find
 The bliss my thankful heart has known,
 A God for ever kind.

302

320. L. M.

Our support in troubles, Psalm xxvii.

- 1 THE Lord, my Savior, is my light; What terrors can my soul affright? While God my strength, my life, is near, What potent arm shall make me fear?
- 2 Should numerous hosts besiege me round, My steadfast heart no fear shall wound: Tho' war should rise in dread array, God is my strength, my hope, my stay.
- When troubles rise, my guardian God Will hide me safe in his abode; Firm as a rock my hope shall stand, Sustain'd by his almighty hand.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, thy sacred way, Uphold my steps, nor let me stray; While enemies and fears alarm, Extend thy kind, thy guardian arm.
- 5 Ye humble souls, in every strait, On God, with sacred courage, wait; His hand shall life and strength afford, O wait, unceasing, on the Lord.

321. C. M.

God is our defence in trouble, Psalm xlvi, !-

1 GOD is a constant, sure defence, Against oppressing rage; As troubles rise, his needful aids In our behalf engage.

2 All those who have his goodness provid Will in his truth confide; Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man That on his help rely'd.

3 Sing praises therefore to the Lord, From Zion his abode; Proclaim his deeds, till all the world Confess no other God.

322. P. M.

The Christian's prayer, when publicly accused.

- I JESU, in this hour be near, On thy servant's side appear, Call'd thine honor to maintain, Help a feeble child of man.
- 2 Thou, who, at thy creature's bar, Didst thy Deity declare, Now my mouth and wisdom be, Witness for thyself in me.
- 3 All of mine be cast aside, Anger, fear, and guile, and pride; Only give me, from above, Simple faith, and humble love.
- 4 Set my face, and fix my heart, Now the promis'd power impart; Meek, submissive, and resign'd, Arm me with thy constant mind.

323. P. M.

The eternal God his people's refuge and support, Deut. xxxiii, 27.

1 BEHOLD, the great, eternal God Spreads everlasting arms abroad, And calls our souls to shelter there, Wonders of mingled power and grace To all his Israel he displays, Guarded from danger and from fear.

2 Hither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell:
On that high tower I rear my head,
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amid surrounding hosts of hell.

3 In grateful strains my fearless tongue Shall warble its victorious song, My Father's mercies to proclaim; He bears his weakest offsprings on To glory, radiant as his throne, And joys, eternal as his name.

324. P. M.

God appearing in the storm of trouble, 2 i, 3-5.

THEN the Lord's supporting power Brightest to his saints appears,

When afflictions threatening hour Fills their sky with clouds and fears: He can wonders thus perform, Paint a rainbow on the storm.

2 All their graces doubly shine, When their troubles press them sore; And the promises divine Give them joys unknown before: As the colors of the bow To the cloud their brightness owe.

SECT. 4.

FOR A STATE OF PILGRIMAGE, BACKSLIDING, AND RESTORATION.

325. C. M.

The Christian Pilgrim, Psalm xxxix, 12; xciv, 19.

- IN various musings of the mind, And thoughts that inward roll, Thy comforts, Lord, are all divine, And cheer my fainting soul.
- 2 I find no certain dwelling place, But wander here and there! I'm but a pilgrim here below, As all my fathers were.
- 3 But there remains for me a rest, A house not made with hands,

- A mansion on the heavenly plains, Where my salvation stands.
- 4 Here I'm expos'd to boisterous winds, And raging storms invade; No fence, no shelter o'er my head, I find no friendly shade.
- There is a region all serene,
 No clouds infest that sky,
 Storms never roar, or gather round
 The saints that dwell on high.
- 6 Through shades of night I grope along, Bereft of gladsome day, Many my dangers and unseen, While darkness veils my way.
- 7 But there the nations of the just, Remote from gloomy night, Are blest with rays of love divine, And dwell in endless light.

326. P. M.

Welcome cross, Heb. xii, 6-8; 1 Pet. i, 6, 7.

1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

- Od, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up and choke the weeds,
 Which would else o'erspread the soil:
 Trials made the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low and keep there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way;
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a castaway?
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
 But the true born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

327. P. M.

The Lord will provide; or, the believers' confidence, Gen. xxii, 8, 14.

I THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite; Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The Scripture assures us "The Lord will provide."

2 His call we obey like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way—but faith makes us;
bold; [guide,
For, though we are strangers, we have a good

And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

3 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim; [name, Yet, since we have known the Savior's great In this our strong tower for safety we hide, The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side, [vide."
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will pro-

328. S. M.

Complaining—the good that I would, I do not, Rom. vii, 19.

- I WOULD, but cannot sing, I would but cannot pray;
 For Satan meets me when I try, And frights my soul away.
- I would, but can't repent,
 Tho' I endeavor oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent
 Till Jesus make it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love, Tho' woo'd by love divine; No arguments have pow'r to move A soul so base as mine.
- I would, but cannot rest
 In God's most holy will;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

- J could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be;
 I would but cannot—Lord, relieve;
 My help must come from thee!
- 6 But if indeed I would,
 Tho' I can nothing do;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.
- By nature prone to ill,
 'Till thine appointed hour,
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of power.
- Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun?
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run.

329. C. M.

- O that I were as in months past! Job xxix, 2.
- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt The Savior's pardoning blood Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd, His praises tun'd my tongue; And when the evening shades prevail'd His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the temper spread his wiles, The world no more could charm;

- I liv'd upon my Savior's smiles, And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glory shine; And when I read his holy word, I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke, Of what his love had done; But now my heart is almost broke, For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns; And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his face;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.
- Now Satan threatens to prevail, And make my soul his prey; Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail, O come without delay.

330. L. M.

Mary's choice, Luke x, 42.

1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand, In life's uncertain path I stand; Savior, divine! diffuse thy light, To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart, Great God, to choose the better part; To scorn the trifles of a day, For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise; Let tempests mingle earth and skies; No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou my Jesus, still art nigh, Cheerful I live, and cheerful die: Secure when mortal comforts flee, To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

331. P. M.

Çast down, yet hoping in God, Psalm xlii, 5.

- O MY soul what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone:
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- What the Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and teaze thee, day by day?
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay?
 Thou shalt conquer,
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee From without, and from within;

Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee, But will save from hell and sin: He is faithful, To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

332. C. M. Refuge in trouble.

- DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise—
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee, I tell each rising grief,
 (For thou alone canst heal,)
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face And shall I seek in vain?

And can the ear of sov'reign grace Be deaf when I complain?

4 No; still the ear of sov'reign grace Attends the mourner's prayer; O may I ever find access To breathe my sorrows there.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

333. L. M.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

- I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow In faith, and love, and every grace; Might more of his salvation know, And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he, who taught me thus to pray, And he, I trust, has answered prayer; But it has been in such a way, As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour, At once he'd answer my request; And by his love's constraining power, Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel The hidden evils of my heart, And let the angry powers of hell Assault my soul in every part.

27

- 5 Yea, more with his own hand he seem'd Intent to aggravate my wo; Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd, Blasted my gourds and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd,
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
 "Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
 "From self, and pride, to set thee free;
 "And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 "That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

334. C. M.

Walking in darkness and trusting in God, Isaiah 1, 10.

- 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs, When will the mournful night be gone? And when my joys arise?
- 2 My God—O could I make the claim— My father and my friend— And call thee mine, by every name, On which thy saints depend!
- 3 By every name of power and love, I would thy grace intreat; Nor should my humble hopes remove; Nor leave thy sacred seat.

Yet though my soul in darkness mourns, Thy word is all my stay; Here I would rest till light returns, Thy presence makes my day.

 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace Relieve my aching heart;
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
 And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise, And bless thy healing rays, And change these deep complaining sighs, For songs of sacred praise.

335. C. M.

Lamentation.

I ONCE was my soul indulg'd to prove
The smiles of Jesus' face:
I knew mine int'rest in his love.
And triumph'd in his grace.

2 My dearest friends appear'd a dream, And earth a trifling toy; I counted all things dross for him, Who fill'd me with his joy.

3 But ah! those pleasing hours are fled, My Lord no more appears: This strikes my choicest comforts dead, And fills my soul with fears. And shall this scene for ever last?
 Will Christ return no more?
 O, lovely Lamb, make haste, make haste,
 And former joys restore!

336. C. M.

- that I knew were I might find him; or, sins and sorrows laid before God, Job xxiii, 3, 4.
- I O THAT I knew the secret place, Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants before his face, And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise, What sorrows I sustain; How grace decays, and comfort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take To wrestle with my God; I'd plead for his own mercy's sake, And for my Savior's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints, And heal my broken bones; He takes the meaning of his saints, The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress, And banish every fear; He calls thee to his throne of grace, To spread thy sorrows there.

317

337. C. M.

Backslidings bewailed, Jer. iii, 12-14.

- 1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "return:" Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile ingratitude I mourn; O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive, And bid my crimes remove? And shall a pardon'd rebel live, To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power, How glorious, how divine! That can to life and bliss restore So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Savior, I adore;
 - O keep me at thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more.

338. C. M.

Absence bewailed, Cant. iii, 1, 2.

1 COME, mourning saints, deprest with wo, Assist my soul to sing The sorrows of a bleeding heart, The absence of her King.

- In deepest night my soul involv'd, Wanders around the gloom; And still, with painful anguish, cries, "My best beloved, come."
- 3 Thou Sun of righteousness, arise, And shine with heavenly light; Thy presence shall disperse my fears, And day shall banish night.
- 4 Come, Savior, then, on wings of love, And bear me far away; My spirit springs to meet her Lord, And drops this mortal clay.

339. L. M.

The mourner's plea, Psalm xxv, 16.

- I GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep complaint? Where but with thee, whose open door Invites the helpless, and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee, And thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not thy word still fix'd remain, That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot, Yet, God, my God, forgets me not;

And he is safe, and must succeed, For whom the LORD vouchsafes to plead.

340. P. M.

A state of deep grief, and afflictive sorrow.

Job vi, 2-4, 8, 9.

- 1 GREAT Author of my being,
 Who seest mine inward care,
 The ills of thy decreeing.
 Enable me to bear;
 The justice of thy sentence
 With meekest awe to own,
 And spend in deep repentance
 My last, expiring groan.
- 2 The grief beyond expressing,
 To me, to me impart,
 I ask this only blessing—
 A humble, broken heart;
 The spirit of contrition
 O might I now receive,
 For all my soul's ambition
 Is worthily to grieve.
- If thou know'st my heart's desire Is only to be gone,
 And silently retire,
 To live, and die alone:
 No sweet companion near,
 To catch my latest sighs,
 My dying words to hear,
 Or closed these weary eyes.

- 4 But O, thou God of power,
 Thou God of love, attend,
 In that decisive hour,
 When pain with life shall end:
 Thou, only, bear my burden,
 And help my last distress,
 And give me back my pardon,
 And bid me die in peace.
- 5 O, for the Savior's merit,
 The forfeiture restore,
 And land my fainting spirit
 On yonder happy shore;
 In safety waft me over,
 To harbor in thy breast,
 And let me there recover
 Mine everlasting rest.

341. P. M.

The borders of despair, Job iii.

- 1 O WRETCHED man of hopeless grief, What shall I do, or whither fly? Shut up in sin and unbelief, Afraid to live, afraid to die; In bitterness of soul I mourn, And rue the day that I was born.
- Is there no balm in Gilead found,
 Is there no kind physician there,
 To heal my spirit's deepest wound,
 To mitigate my sad despair?
 No word t' assuage my misery,
 No promise of relief for me?

- Where is the helpless sinner's friend?
 Where is the weary wanderer's rest?
 Wilt thou not bid my sorrows end?
 Wilt thou not calm my troubled breast,
 And shew forth all thy gracious art,
 And stamp forgiveness on my heart?
- 4 I know not how thy love will deal With such a poor backsliding soul; Yet let me hope thy blood to feel, Hope, against hope, to be made whole; And humbly still thy grace desire, Or, weeping at thy feet, expire.

342. P. M.

The backslider's inquiry, Psalm lxxvii, 7-9

- HOW shall a lost sinner, in pain, Recover his forfeited peace?
 When brought into bondage again, What hope of a second release?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me?
 And, Oh! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee?
- 2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
 If still thou art able to save,
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave;
 The help of thy spirit restore,
 And shew me the life-giving blood,
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

S O Jesus, in pity draw near,
Come, quickly, to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole:
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel,)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die;
O save, or I sink into hell!

343. L. M.

Is Ephraim my dear son? Jer. iii, 20.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injur'd Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return, And seek a Father's melting heart; His pitying eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart,
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 He heard thy deep, repentant sigh,
 He heard thy soften'd spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return, And cast away thy slavish foar:

'Tis God who says, "no longer mourn,'
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer, return, Regain thy lost, lamented rest; Jehovah's melting bowels yearn To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

344. P. M.

The backsliders prayer for healing, 1 John ii, 1.

- 1 THOU sinner's advocate with God,
 Our only trust is in thy blood;
 Thou all-atoning Lamb;
 The virtue of thy death impart,
 Speak comfort to our drooping heart,
 And tell us all thy name.
- 2 Give us thy pardoning love to feel, And freely our backslidings heal, Repair our faith's decay; Restore the sweetness of thy grace, Reveal the glories of thy face, And take our sins away.
- 3 Speak, Lord, and let us find thee near,
 O come and dissipate our fear,
 Declare our sins forgiven:
 Return, thou Prince of peace, return,
 Thou Comforter of all that mourn,
 And guide us safe to heaven.

324

345. L. M.

The soul thirsting for God, Psalm xlii, 2.

- I I THIRST, but not as once I did, The vain delights of earth to share; Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid, That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross, First wean'd my soul from earthly things; And taught me to esteem as dross The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee, That quickens all things where it flows, And makes a wretched thorn, like me, Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

346. L. M.

The farewell to vanities, Eccles. i, 2, 3.

- 1 DEAD be my heart to all below, To mortal joys, and mortal cares, To sensual bliss that charms us so, Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.
- 2 Here I renounce my carnal taste
 Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
 Their paradise shall never waste
 One thought of mine, but to despise.

- All earthly joys are overweigh'd With mountains of vexatious care, And where's the sweet that is not laid A bait to some destructive snare?
- 4 Be gone for ever, mortal things! Thou mighty molehill, earth, farewell! Angels aspire on lofty wings, And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires; My soul pursues the sovereign good: She was all made of heavenly fires, Nor can she live on meaner food.

347. P. M

The supplicating backslider, Psalm lxix, 1-3.

- I IN trouble I seek thee, my God, Compell'd by the burden I bear, Constrain'd by the stroke of thy rod, I groan out a penitent prayer: Ah! do not abhor my sad moan, Extorted, alas! by distress, But hear, and with pity look down, And send me an answer of peace.
- What must a poor prodigal do,
 Thy forfeited smile to regain?
 My trouble I only can shew,
 And tell thee my sorrow and pain:
 I only for mercy can cry,
 And groan with the sense of my load;
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die;
 I die in my sins, and my blood.

28

- 3' I own I have sinn'd in thy sight,
 Have sinn'd against knowledge and love,
 And done thy good Spirit despite;
 Yet look on my surety above!
 His passion alone is my plea,
 His free inexhaustible grace:
 My Advocate answers for me,
 And Jesus hath died in my place.
- 4 O Father of mercies, restore,
 For Jesus's merits alone,
 And heal a backslider, once more,
 And give me again to thy Son:
 If still thou art able to spare,
 If infinite mercy thou art,
 Reply to my penitent prayer,
 And whisper thy peace to my heart.

348. L. M.

Relicf sought and found, Jer. viii, 22.

- WHY droops my soul, with guilt opprest?
 Why these wild tumults of my breast?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?
 No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Yes—in the Gospel's faithful lines, Jehovah's grace, and mercy shines; There, dress'd in love, the Savior stands, With pitying heart and wooing hands.
- 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes, Behold! the Prince of glory dies!

He dies extended on the tree, And sheds a sovereign balm for me.

- 4 Millions, who now his throne surround, Here sought relief, here mercy found; His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears, Heal'd all their wounds, dried all their tears.
- 5 And shall my trembling soul complain, "I sought relief, but sought in vain? "That Jesus, who for sinners died, "Heard all my groans, and still denied?
- 6 Dear Savior, at thy feet I lie, Here to receive a cure, or die: But love forbids that painful fear, And grace that reigns triumphant here.
- 7 Still in thy heart compassions dwell, O save me from the snares of hell: Physician kind, now think on me, For all my hope is fix'd on thee.
- 8 Jesus, extract the poison'd dart, Bind up, and heal my broken heart; With thy free love my soul adorn, And change my gloomy night to morn.

349. P. M.

The last resolve.

1 WEARY of my sad complaining, Must I with my Savior part? Yield, that sin be always reigning In this feeble, wretched hear! Must I give the contest over, Must I sink beneath my load, Calling on the earth to cover A despairing sinner's blood?

2 No, I will not cease from crying, Not till tophet takes me in; Still I pray, though sinking, dying, Save me, save me, Lord, from sin: Bring me through my sore temptation; Or, if I must see the pit, Perish in thine indignation, Let me perish at thy feet.

350. P. M.

Backslidings bewailed, Jer. xlv, 3.

- I GRACIOUS God, what shall I do? Never will my heart prove true! Never firm, or constant prove, Never keep thy pardoning love? All my vows are broke again, All my purposes are vain, Useless all my watchful fears, Lost my unavailing tears.
- 2 Shall I then the strife give o'cr,
 Never sue for mercy more?
 To my fearful doom submit,
 Sink, content, into the pit?
 No, thy mercy answers no!
 Mercy will not let me go;
 Still thy yearning bowels cry,
 "Wherefore wilt thou sin and die?"

- 3 Lord, to thee what shall I say?
 Shall I promise still t' obey?
 Aggravate my guilt and pain,
 Make, to break my vows again?
 Lord I know not what to do!
 Only thou the way canst shew:
 When, and as thou wilt restore,
 Lift me up to fall no more.
- 4 'Till that welcome day I see,
 Let me sorrow after thee;
 Weeping at thy footstool lie,
 Still for mercy, mercy cry;
 Cry, or make my speechless moan,
 Groan the spirit's deepest groan,
 Gasp, thy favor to receive,
 Die to see thy face—and live!

351. C. M.

Complaining of formality, Psalm cxix, 25.

- 1 CELESTIAL Dove, expand thy wings, And bear my heart above The world, and all its tempting things, Unworthy of my love.
- 2 I see a radiant crown, design'd To grace the victor's brow: But my affections look behind On trifles left below.
- 3 Sometimes I bid my soul arise To my Redeemer's arms, To view the glories of the skies, In their immortal charms;

- 4 But oft the beauties I behold
 In Jesus, and the skies,
 Leave my terrene affections cold,
 And heedless of the prize.
- 5 Eternal truths that should impress
 A reverential fear,
 Pass o'er my mind, but leave no trace
 Of their importance there.
- 6 The Gospel, and the heavenly state, The terrors of the law, Seem insufficient to create Sweet joy, or solemn awe.
- 7 Thus, carelessly, I walk along, Or trifle on the road, While others, vigorous and strong, Press on to meet their God.
- 8 Celestial Dove, expand thy wings,
 And bear my heart above
 The world, and all its tempting things,
 Unworthy of my love.

352. L. M.

Peace after a storm, Psalm xlii, 8-11.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind, And smiling day once more appears; Then, my Redeemer, then I find The folly of my doubts and fears.

- 2 Strait I upbraid my wandering heart, And blush that I should ever be Thus prone to act so base a part, Or harbor one hard thought of thee!
- 3 Oh! let me then at length be taught, What I am still so slow to learn, That God is love, and changes not, Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

353. C. M.

Praise for deliverance, Psalm xxxiv, 2-4.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast; Let all that are distrest, From my example, comfort take, And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me, With me exalt his name: When in distress to him I call'd, He to my succor came.

354. C. M.

The pilgrim viewing the promised land, Deut. iii, 27.

O FOR a view, from Pisgah's top,
Of my celestial seat!
'Twould give new courage to my hope,
And vigor to my feet.

2 Could I but always fix my eyes On my immortal crown, 'Twould make my noblest passions rise, And tread opposers down.

- The frowns of earth would daunt no more Than summer evening skies! Nor could their flattering smiles allure My feet to leave the prize.
- 4 O earth! thy fairest beauty fades, When heaven appears in sight! Thy brightest lustre dies in shades, Before celestial light!
- 5 I scorn the offers you hold forth, Your pleasures I despise: For mine are of superior worth, And treasur'd in the skies.

6 My spirit stretches all her wings, Towards th' eternal shores; And, weary of these restless things, A land of peace explores.

355. L. M.

The hilgrim longing for heaven, Judges v, 28

- I THOU dearest object of my love, I long to dwell with thee above; Fain would I leave the world, and rise To you fair mansion in the skies.
- Through this wide wilderness I roam, Far distant from my peaceful home: I faint with toil, and often say, "Let not thy chariot long delay."
- 3 As one forsaken and forlorn,
 Thy absence, dearest Lord, I mourn;
 I long thy blissful face to see,
 And dwell for ever near to thee:
- 4 With patience I would wear the chain, Till I my sweet release obtain; Still waiting for that blessed day, When thou wilt call my soul away.

356. L. M.

Pilgrims in tribulation, Acts xiv, 22.

- O THE dear glories of the place, Where Christ unveils his lovely face! Ten thousand seraphs at his feet, Feed on the bliss his charms emit.
- 2 On his dear wounds the ransom'd gaze, With silent, rapturous, sweet amaze!

Then, all at once, their hearts and tongues, Fill the eternal space with songs.

- But O, how painful is the road,
 Mark'd out to this divine abode!
 Full many a tear bedews the cheek,
 That pangs of inward anguish speak.
- 4 Nor can a smoother way be found, Thro' pleasant fields, o'er flow'ry ground: Whoe'er would leave the realms below, In tribualtion's path must go.

357. P. M.

The pilgrim's song, Micah ii, 10.

- RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire ascending seeks the sun, Both speed them to their source; So a soul, that's born of God, Pants to view his glorious face; Upward tends to his abode, To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet, a season, and, ye know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

358. C. M.

Running the Christian race, Phil. iii, 12-14.

- AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigor on:
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high:
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Savior, introduced by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
 We lay our laurels down.

359. P. M.

The spiritual pilgrim.

- 1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
 How free from anxious care and thought,
 From worldly hope and fear!
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from self design,
 From every creature love!
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those who basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen:
 Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own,
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair, My treasure and my heart are there, And my abiding home:

For me my elder brethren stay, And angels beckon me away; And Jesus bids me come.

6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

PART IV.

RELIGIOUS DUTIES. PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

SECT. 1.

SECRET DUTIES.

360. P. M.

Divine contemplation.

To worlds unseen, beyond the skies,
And lose this vale of tears!
On heaven-taught pinions while they soar,
And joys, unknown to sense, explore,
How low the cares of mortal life!
How mean its bliss appears!

2 O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care!
Above these gloomy mists that rise,
And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,
To see the dawn of heavenly day,
And breathe celestial air.

3 Yet higher would I stretch my flight,
And reach the sacred courts of light,
Where my Redeemer reigns:
Far-beaming from his radiant throne
Immortal splendors, joys unknown;
With never-fading lustre shine,
O'er all the blissful plains.

4 Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues. There join in rapture-breathing songs,
And tune the golden lyre
To Jesus, their exalted Lord;
Dear name, how lov'd! and how ador'd!
His charms awake the heavenly strain,
And every note inspire.

361. P. M.

At night.

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign;
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

- Thy ministering spirits descend,
 To watch while thy saints are asleep;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep:
 Bright seraphs, despatch'd from the throne,
 Repair to the stations assign'd,
 And angels elect are sent down,
 To guard the elect of mankind.
- Thy worship no interval knows,
 Their fervor is still on the wing;
 And, while they protect my repose,
 They chaunt to the praise of my King:
 I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join;
 And love and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

Renouncing the world.

- TELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
 The things I lov'd before;
 Let me but view my Savior's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
 Tell me no more of ease and health,
 For these have all their snares;
 Let me but know my sins forgiven,
 But see my name enrolled in heaven,
 And I am free from cares.

- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
 Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
 For these are trifling things;
 The little room for me design'd
 Will suit as well my easy mind,
 As palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of crowded guests,
 Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,
 Extravagance and waste;
 My little table only spread
 With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
 Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me the Bible in my hand, A heart to read and understand, And faith to trust the Lord; I'd set alone from day to day, Nor urge my company to stay, Nor wish to rove abroad.

Solid joys, Jer. xv, 16.

- I QUIT the world's fantastic joys,
 Her honors are but idle toys,
 Her bliss an empty shade!
 Like meteors, in the midnight sky,
 That glitter for a while, and die,
 Her glories flash and fade.
- 2 Let fools for riches strive and toil, Let greedy minds divide the spoil, 'Tis all too mean for me;

Above the earth, above the skies, My bold, ambitious wishes rise To heaven, my God, and thee.

- When to thy courts I mount above,
 On contemplation's wings,
 I look, with generous disdain,
 On all the pleasures of the vain,
 On all the pomp of kings.
- Thy beauties rising in my sight,
 Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
 With rapture fill my breast:
 Though robb'd of all my wordly store,
 In thee I never can be poor,
 But must be ever blest.

364. P. M.

The farewell to a vain world, Heb. xi, 14.

- O TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me is now o'er.
- 2 A country I've found Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 3 The souls that believe
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.
 **20

He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.

365. C. M. The request.

1 FATHER, what'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart," "From every murmur free:"The blessings of thy grace impart, "And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, "My life and death attend; "Thy presence thro' my journey shine, "And crown my journey's end."

SECT. 2.

RESIGNATION—SELF DENIAL—PATIENCE— SUBMISSION, TRUSTING, AND VARIOUS OTHER DUTIES.

366. C. M.

Resignation; or, God our portion.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy, Great God are in thy hand;

- My choicest comforts come from thee, And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away, Yet would I not repine; Before they were possess'd by me, They were entirely thine.
 - 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word, Though the whole world were gone; But seek enduring happiness In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet;
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found, The honey's mix'd with gall; Midst changing scenes and dying friends, Be thou my all in all.

367. L. M.

Resignation, Psalm cxvl, 7.

- I IN God, my soul, behold thy rest, Nor hope for bliss below the sky: Come, resignation, to my breast, And silence every plaintive sigh.
- 2 Parent of good, tis thine to give These cheerful graces to the mind: Smile on my soul, and bid me live Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd!

- 3 Thy smile,—sweet dawn of endless day! Can make my weary spirit blest; While in my Father's hand I stay, And in his love securely rest.
- 4 Then cheerful shall my heart survey
 The toils and dangers of the road;
 And patient keep the heavenly way,
 Which leads me homewards to my God.

A resigned and submissive heart, Psa. cxix, 80.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!

 A heart from sin set free,

 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood

 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne, Where only Christis heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life, nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine,
 Devout, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same, And melts at human wo: Jesus, for thee distress'd I am, I want thy love to know.

6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

369. P. M.

The rebel surrendering to grace, Acts ix, 6.

- I LORD, thou hast won, at length I yield;
 My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
 Surrenders all to thee:
 Against thy terrors long I strove,
 But who can stand against thy love?
 Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
 I still had stubborn been:
 But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
 A bleeding Savior I have view'd,
 And now I hate my sin.
- 3 My will, conform'd to thine, would move;
 On thee my hope, desire, and love,
 In fix'd attention, join:
 My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
 Have Satan's servants been too long,
 But now they shall be thine.

Rsigning all for Christ, Phil. iii, 7.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue, It has no charms for me; Once I admir'd its trifles too, But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please, No more content afford; Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
 The stars are all conceal'd;
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone, And wholly live to thee; But may I hope that thou wilt own A worthless worm like me?
- 6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will,
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
 I had refus'd thee still.

Submission to the stroke of God, 2 Kings iv, 26.

- I GLORY to that victorious grace,
 Thro' which a worm can all things do!
 I stand o'erwhelm'd with vast amaze,
 And scarce believe the wonder true:
 I cheerfully my all resign,
 And triumph in the will divine!
- 2 My dearest child, my joy, my hope, He liv'd my yearning lieart's desire, Yet lo! I gladly yield him up, No longer mine, if God require, And with a sudden stroke remove, Whom only less than God I love.
- 3 Nature would cry, My son, my son!*
 O that I now had died for thee!
 But faith replies, His will be done,
 Who lent the blessing first to me;
 Lent, and resumes, it is the Lord!
 His will be done, his name ador'd!
- 4 With all my soul, O Lord, I give
 The child thy love hath snatch'd away;
 On earth I would not have him live,
 With me I would not have him stay:
 The sacrifice long since was o'er,
 I stand to what I gave before.

^{*}Or, Child .-- See 2 Sam. xviii, 33,

Self dedication after recovery from a danger ous illness, Phil. ii, 27.

- 1 ALL hail, thou lengthener of my days!
 Thy dear preserving love I praise,
 And thankfully receive
 The present of my life restor'd;
 O may I spend it for my Lord,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 No other end of life I know, I would not live one hour below, But to declare thy praise; To suffer all thy glorious will, And all thy counsel to fulfil, And publish all thy grace.
- 3 For this my soul exults in hope,
 Joyful to take her burden up,
 And still her flesh to bear;
 Ready but now to take her flight,
 And spring into the realms of light;
 And see thy glory there.
- 4 Yet, since thy will ordains it so,
 Ev'n heaven I can a while forego,
 Yes, heaven itself, for thee;
 Thy good and perfect will to prove;
 To do thy will, like those above,
 Is heaven enough for me.

Self-denial desired.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of good, from thee alone Our every gift and comfort flows; Whate'er we fondly call our own Thy freely streaming grace bestows; Thy blessings all through Christ descend, Our heavenly and eternal friend.
- 2 O may I never, never seek
 My own delight, my own applause;
 But prompt thy gifts to render back,
 To nail my Isaac to the cross;
 My all of comfort to resign,
 And say, Thy will be done, not mine
- 3 Refrain my soul and keep it low,
 Wean'd as a child from creature good,
 Thee, only thee resolv'd to know,
 My Jesus, and thy sprinkled blood;
 All other comforts I disdain,
 And more than all in thee I gain.
- 4 What are thy gifts, compar'd to thee!
 A beam from that bright shining sun!
 A drop from that unfathom'd sea!
 Fountain of life, and love unknown!
 Into thy depths, O God, I fall!
 O God, thou art my all in all.

30

Trusting for pardon, Isa. li, 5.

- FATHER, to thee, in Christ, I fly,
 What though my sins of crimson dye,
 For thy resentment call?
 My crimes he did on Calvary bea
 The blood that flow'd for sinners there
 Shall cleanse me from them all.
- 2 Spirit divine, thy work begin, O raise me from this depth of sin, Take off my guilty load: Now let me live through Jesus' death, And, being justified by faith, May I have peace with God.
- 3 Foul as I am, deserving hell,
 Thou canst not from thy throne repel
 A soul that leans on God;
 My sins, at thy command shall be
 Cast as a stone into the sea—
 The sea of Jesus' blood.

375. L. M.

Trusting in the God of truth, Psalm cxlvi.

YE sons of Zion, praise the Lord, Come tune your songs in sweet accord; Awake, my soul, awake and join The sacred hymn, in notes divine.

- No more in princes vainly trust, Frail sons of earth; man is but dust, With all his pride, with all his power, The helpless creature of an hour.
- 3 Happy the man, whose hopes divine On Israel's guardian God recline; Who can, with sacred transport, say This God is mine, my help, my stay.
- 4 Heaven, esrth, and sea declare his name, He built and fill'd their spacious frame; But o'er creation's fairest lines His steadfast truth unchanging shines.
- 5 The Lord shall reign for ever king, And age to age his glory sing; Thy God alone, O Sion, reigns, Resound his praise in joyful strains.

Praying for the light of God's countenance.
Psal. iv, 6.

- P ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glory of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light, in thy light, O may I see, Thy grace and mercy prove, Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee, The God of pardoning love.

- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let the happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd.
- 4 That all comprising peace bestow On me, through grace forgiven; The joys of holiness bolow, And then the joys of heaven.

The prayer of faith, Isaiah xvii, 7.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,' Wilt thou not save my soul from death, My soul, that rests on thee?
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my Lord hath done,
 And suffer'd once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless righteousness I plead, And his availing blood: Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be, Thy merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God.
- Then snatch me from eternal death,
 The spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolation send;
 By him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,
 "Thy Maker is thy Friend."

The king of terors then would be A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclogg'd, and leaving earth afar,
I'd mount upon his sable car,
To everlasting day.

378. C. M.

What is impossible with men is possible with God, Matt. xix, 26; Mark x, 27; Luke xviii, 27.

- 1 WHAT though I cannot break my chain, Or e'er throw off my load; The things impossible to men, Are possible to God.
- 2 Who, who shall in thy presence stand, Or match Omnipotence; Unfold the grasp of thy right hand, And pluck the sinner thence?
- 3 Faith to be heal'd I fain would have, O might it now be given; Thou canst, thou canst the sinner save, And make me meet for heaven.
- Bound down with twice ten thousand ties, Yet let me hear thy call;
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise, and break through all.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine, Thou wilt victorious prove; *30 For everlasting strength is thine, And everlasting love.

379. P. M.

Believing against fear, Hab. iii, 17, 18:

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more take place!
 My Savior doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the temper yield?
 No—in the strength of Jesus, no—
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The withering fig-tree, droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil;
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race;
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And not one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, abounding sin were here;
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming joys cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Savior trust,
 Whose matchless grace can reach to me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name;
Soon, O dear Savior, bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

380. P. M.

Humility, Matt. xviii, 4.

- I LORD, if thou thy grace impart, Poor in spirit, meek in heart, I shall as my Master be, Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild, Chang'd into a little child; Pleas'd with all the Lord provides, Wean'd from all the world besides.

381. L. M.

Patience, James v, 7, 8, 10, 11.

1 DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

- 2 Dash it with thine unchanging love, Let not a drop of wrath be there; The saints for ever bless'd above Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus thine incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

Zeal, Gal. iv, 18.

- 1 WHILE carnal men with all their might, Earth's vanities pursue, How slow th' advances which I make, With heaven itself in view.
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal; Great God, my love inflame; Religion, without zeal and love, Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill
 May I with fervor strive;
 And all these powers employ for thee,
 Which I from thee derive!

SECT. 3.

ON MAKING A PROFESSION OF RELIGION.

383. C. M.

Self-denial, Mark viii, 34; Luke ix, 23.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have, My dearest Lord, for thee? It is but right since thou hast done Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee Will more than make amends, For all the losses I sustain Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthless they appear Compar'd with thee, supremely good, Divinely bright and fair!
- A Savior of souls, could I from thee A single smile obtain,

 Tho' destitute of all things else,

 I'd glory in my gain.

Difficulties in the way of duty, surmounted— Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv, 56.*

1 [WHEN Abraham's servant to procure A wife for Isaac went, He met Rebecah—told his wish,— Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man His journey to delay; "Hinder me not," he quick reply'd, "Since God hath crown'd the way."

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord, My soul to him did wed; "Hinder me not," nor friends nor foes, Since God my way hath sped"

4 "Stay," says the world, "and taste a while "My every pleasant sweet;"
"Hinder me not," my soul replics,
"Because the way is great."

5 "Stay," Satan my old master cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;
"Hinder me not," I will be gone,
"My God hath broke thy chain."]

6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not," ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

* This hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

- 7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where he goes; "Hinder me not," shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 8 Thro' duty and thro' trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not," for I am bound,
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 9 And when my Savior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be, "Hinder me not," come welcome death, I'll gladly go with thee.

385. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- I JESUS! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man asham'd of thee!
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be asham'd of noon; 'Twas midnight with my soul till he, Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend, On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No; when I blush—be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, 1 may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain— Till then I boast a Savior slain! And O may this my glory be, That Christ is not asham'd of me!
- 7 (His institutions would I prize, Take up my cross—the shame despise; Dare to defend his noble cause, And yield obedience to his laws.)

386. L. M.

Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John following their Master, John xxi, 18-20.

- 1 BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands Submissive to their Lord's commands, And yield their liberty and breath, To him that lov'd their souls in death!
- 2 Lead me to suffer, and to die, If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh: One smile from thee my heart shall fire, And teach me smiling to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake,
 And from the cross or flames draw back,

Grace can its feeble courage raise, And turn its tremblings into praise.

While scarce I dare with Peter say, "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;" Yet in thy steps, like John I'd move, With humble hope, and silent love.

PART V.

ON SOCIAL WORSHIP.

SECT. 1.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

385. C. M.

Going to a new habitation.

1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent, Let us an altar raise;

And there with humble frame present Our sacrifice of praise,

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While strength and health shall last,
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

Grateful morning worship.

- LORD of my life, O may thy praise

 Employ my noblest powers,

 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,

 And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thine almighty arm, I pass'd the shades of night, Serene, and safe from every harm, And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs, And restless pains and woes; In gentle sleep I clos'd mine eyes, And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me And I unconscious lay, [spread Thy watchful care was round my bed, To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care My waking hours attend; From every danger, every snare, My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll, And guide my future days; And let thy goodness fill my soul With gratitude and praise.

Hymn for the morning, Psalm v, 3.

GREAT God! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rising dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw A dark and sable veil, And all the beauties of the world From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky, with golden beams, Thy skilful hands adorn, And paint with cheerful splendor gay The fair ascending morn.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee With evening incense bring; And at the rising dawn of day Thy lofty praises sing.

338. L. M.

For the morning, Psalm iii, 5.

I IN sleep's serene oblivion laid, I safely pass'd the silent night; Again I see the breaking shade, I drink again the morning light.

- 2.0 guide me through the various maze My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread; And apread thy shield's protecting blaze, Where dangers press around my head.
- 3 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my cyes oppress;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the rapture of the skies.

An evening hymn, Psalm iv, 8.

- I THOU unexhausted mine of bliss, From whence all comforts flow; Inspire us with that perfect peace, Which only christians know.
- 2 The curtains of thy love extend Around our calm abode: As we began so may we end Our every day with God.
- 3 Our lives unburt, thy hand hath kept; Accept the praise we pay, For all the dangers we escap'd, And mercies of the day.

- Far, far away the temper chase,
 Our souls from terror keep;
 Let angels keep this hallow'd place,
 And guard us when we sleep.
- 5 Prepare us for the bed of death,
 The way our father's trod,
 That when we yield our latest breath,
 We may be found with God.

An evening hymn, Psalm iv, 4, 5.

- Accept my evening song of praise,
 Accept my evening song of praise,
 And all my slumbers bless;
 O let sweet converse, Lord, with thee,
 Joy to my wakeful moments be,
 And all my heart possess.
- 2 My God can, with a midnight psalm, Cheer restless intervals, and calm My soul to sweet repose; O how does one enlivening ray From him, turn darkness into day; To songs of joy my woes!
- S If here another dawn I see,
 I'll give myself afresh to thee;
 Or if death close my eyes,
 O grant my soul to spring away
 To thee, in everlasting day,
 Thou source of all my joys,

*3]

4 Jesus, in life and death my trust,
Shall watch and wake my sleeping dust,
And raise it like his own;
O spring, bless'd morning, spring to light,
When sin, fatigue, doubt, sleep, and night,
Shall never more be known.

391. P. M.

Saturday evening.

- 1 SAFELY, through another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek On th' approaching sabbath day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near!
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear!
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 3 May thy Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief for all complaints: Thus may all our sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above!

392. L. M.

Praise for domestic blessings, Gen. xviii, 19.

- 1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless, Which crowns our families with peace; From thee they sprung, and by thy hand Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God most worthy to be prais'd, Be our domestic altars rais'd; Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 2 To thee may each united house, Morning and night, present its vows: Our servants there, and rising race, Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
 The honors of thy glorious name;
 While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

394. L. M.

Gratitude for distinguishing preservation, Cant. xi, 10, 11.

1 RECORD, my soul, thy Maker's power, Whose winds and waves obey his will; He bids the awful tempest roar, His voice the wildest storm can still.

- Wiew, O my soul, with wonder view The roaring billows round thee tost: And bless his mercies, ever new, While thou art sav'd, and others lost:
- 3 Speak to my heart, dear Lord, and say, "The rain is gone the tempest's o'er; "Come, my beloved, come away, 'Satan and sin shall reign no more!"
- 4 "Fear not, I'll guard thy helpless head, "Whilst life, and all its conflicts last: "And when the raging winds are fled, "Thy soul shall sing of dangers past."

SECT. 2.

PUBLIC WORSHIP. THE CHURCH DESCRIBED.

394. P. M.

On opening a place of worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glovy praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlasting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles

- To earth he bends his throng,
 His throne of grace divine;
 Wide is his bounty known,
 And wide his glories shine:
 Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- Then, King of glory, come,
 And with thy favor crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own:
 Beneath this roof, O deign to shew,
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here, may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies:
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love,
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphims above,
 And willing crowds surround thy board
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 6 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise,
 And shine like polish'd stones,
 Thro' long succeeding days;
 Here Lord, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore;

395. L. M.

The happiness of humble worship, Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet, O Lord, thy sacred courts appear! Fain would my longing passions meet The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ, Whom thy indulgent fovors raise To dwell in these abodes of joy, And sing thy never ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men whom strength divine, With ardent love and zeal inspires; Whose steps to thy blest way incline, "With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate,
 Affords more real joy to me,
 Than thousands in the tents of state;
 The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a sun; our brightest day
 From his reviving presence flows;
 God is a shield thro' all the way,
 To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 6 He pours his kindest blessings down, Profusely down on souls sincere; And grace shall guide, and glory crown The happy favorites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace, How blest, divinely blest, is he, Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face, And fixes all his hopes on thee!

396. L. M.

On opening a new place of worship, Psalm lxxxvii, 5.

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode?
 And will he, from his radiant throne,
 Avow our temples for his own?
- We bring the tribute of our praise, And sing that condescending grace, Which to our notes will lend an ear, And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honor raise; Long may they echo with thy praise! And thou, descending, fill the place With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign, With all the graces of his train; While power divine his word attends To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here,

397. C. M.

On opening a new place.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people hear, Thy presence now display; As thou hast given a place for prayer, So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Shew us some token of thy love, Our fainting hope to raise; And pour thy blessings from above, That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience case,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound, Enforc'd by mighty grace, Awaken many sinners round, To come and fill the place.

Asking the way to Sion, Jer. i. 5.

- INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way, That leads to Sion's hill, And thither set your steady face, With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around, Your pious march to join; And spread the sentiments you feel Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste, And seek his favor there; Bofore his footstool humbly bow, And pour your fervent prayer!

O come, and join your souls to God In everlasting bands, Accept the blessings he bestows, With thankful hearts and hands.

399. C. M.

The Lord's presence, Ezek. xlviii, 35.

AS birds their infant brood protect, And spread their wings to shelter them; Thus saith the Lord to his elect, "So will I guard Jerusalem."

- And what then is Jerusalem,
 This darling object of his care?
 Where is its worth in God's esteem?
 Who built it? who inhabits there?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
 The blood of his incarnate Son;
 There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
 The sinners whom he calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieg'd on every side, Yet much belov'd and guarded well; From age to age they have defy'd The utmost force of earth and hell.
 - Let carth repent, and hell despair;
 This city has a sure defence;
 Her name is call'd, " the Lord is there,"
 And who has pow'r to drive them hence.

SECT. 4.*

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

400. C. M.

A blessing implored, Cant. iv, 16.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire, Descending from above, His waiting family inspire, With joy, and peace, and love!
- Wake, heavenly wind, arise, and come, Blow on the drooping field; Our spices then shall breathe perfume; And fragrant incense yield.
- 3 Touch with a living coal the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word;
 And bid us all devoutly keep
 Attention to the Lord.

401. C. M.

1 Cor. iii, 6, 7.

1 In vain Apollos' silver tongue,
And Pauls' with strains profound,
Diffuse among the listening throng,
The Gospel's joyful sound.

^{*} Sect. 3. See part First of this work,

2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sovereign grace divine
Each stubborn soul subdue.

402. S. M.

He beheld the city and went over it, John xix,41.

- DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see!
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear; In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

403. C. M.

Looking for a blessing.

1 NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart, And teach his tongue to speak; Food to the hungry soul impart, And cordials to the weak. Furnish us all with light and powers, To walk in wisdom's ways; So shall the benefit be ours, And thou shalt have the praise.

404. P. M.

A blessing requested.

- 1 COME, thou soul transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed:
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From the Gospel,
 Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Help us all to ask the blessing Which thou waitest now to give: May we all thy love possessing, Joyfully the truth receive, And for ever To thy praise and glory live.
- 3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

SECT. 6.†

FOR CHURCH MEETINGS.

405. L. M.

Rejoicing in covenant engagements, 2 Chrotis xv. 15.

- 6 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice On thee my Savior, and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 [O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill this house, While to that sacred shrine* I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me and I follow'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart, Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest; With ashes who would grudge to part; When call'd on angel's bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That yow renew'd shall daily hear; Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

† Seet. 5. See the Conclusion of this work. Place of worship.

406. L. M.

At a church meeting, before experience.

- 1 NOW we are met in holy fear To hear the happy saints declare The free compassions of a God, The virtues of a Savior's blood.
- 2 Jesus, assist them now to tell
 What they have felt, and how they feel,
 O Savior, help them to express
 The wonders of triumphant grace.
- While to the church they freely own
 What for their souls the Lord hath done,
 We join to praise eternal love,
 And heighten all the joys above.

407. C. M.

After experience.

- 1 DEAR Savior, we rejoice to hear Poor sinners sweetly tell How thou art pleas'd to save from sin, From sorrow, death, and hell.
- 2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name For grace so freely giv'n; Still may we keep in Zion's road, And dwell at last in heav'n.

408. C. M.

Will ye also go away? John vi, 67.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way, (Alas! what numbers do!) Methinks I hear my Savior say, "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- The help of men and angels join'd, Could never reach my case; Nor can I hope relief to find, But in thy boundless grace.
- No voice but thine can give me rest, And bid my fears depart; No love but thine can make me blest, And satisfy my heart.

409. L. M.

To whom shall we go? John vi, 66-68.

1 THOU only sovereign of my heart, My refuge my almighty friend,— And can my soul from thee depart, On whom alone my hopes depend?

- Whither, ah! whither shall I go, A wretched wanderer from my Lord? Can this dark world of sin and wo, One glimse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine, While thou art near, in vain they call; One smile, one blissful smile of thine, My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie, Here safety dwells, and peace divine; Still let me live beneath thine eye, For life, eternal life is thine.

410. P. M.

The completing of the spiritual temple, Zech, iv, 7.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, through all its frame,
Harmonious sound the Builder's name

Beneath his eye and care
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polish'd stane
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

SECT. 3.

BAPTISM.

411. P. M.

Christ baptised in Jordan.*

- IN Jordan's tide the baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews;
 The Son of God the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse:
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
 In deeps conceal'd from human view;
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example thus for you:
 The sacred record, while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.

^{*}The alterations in this, and several of the following hymns on baptism, were made by the Rev. Mr. Turner of Abington.

- 3 But 10! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread!
 Dovelike the eternal Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head;
 Amaz'd they see the power divine,
 Around the Savior's temple shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
 "This is my well-beloved Son,
 "I see well-pleas'd what he hath done."
- Thus the eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod;
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God:
 O hear the awful word today,
 Hear all ye nations, and obey!

412. P. M.

Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii, 15.

- 1 THUS it became the Prince of grace,
 And thus should all the favor'd race
 High heaven's command fulfil;
 For that the condescending God
 Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
 Was heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice, We make these ways our favor'd choice, And thus with zeal pursue:

No; heaven's eternal sovereign Lord Has, in the precepts of his word, Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3 And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious Mandate of the skies,
Where condescending heaven,
To sinful man's apostate race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

Thou everlasting gracious King, Assist us now thy grace to sing, And still direct our way, To those bright realms of peace and rest, Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd With one great choral day.

413. C. M.

Immersion.

- In Jordan's swelling flood;
 To shew he must be soon baptis'd,
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave,
 Thus was his sacred body rais'd
 Out of the liquid grave.
- In thy own footsteps tread;
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
 Our ever-living head.

414. P. M.

Buried with Christ in baptism, Rom. vi, 4.

- 1 JESUS, mighty King in Sion!
 Thou alone our guide shalt be;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee:
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave;
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptis'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising, We the ancient path pursue; Buried with our Lord, and rising To a life divinely new.

415. L. M.

A baptismal hymn.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod;
 And follow thro, his liquid grave,
 The meck, the lowly Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds, And to a heavenly life aspire; Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd, They shine in clean and bright attire!
- 3 O sacred rite, by thee the name Of Jesus we to own begin:

This is our resurrection pledge, Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given, Who shews his grace to sinful men; Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven, In concert join their loud Amen.

416. L. M.

The candidates—they were baptised both men and women, Acts viii, 12.

- 1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear, With humble joy and holy fear, Thy wise injunctions to obey; Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son, Great things for us thy grace has done; Constrain'd by thy Almighty love, Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand, Obedient to thy great command; The sacred flood is full in view, And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride, Must not invite and be deny'd; Was not the Lord who came to save, Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

33

5. Thus we, dear Savior, own thy name, Receive us rising from the stream, Then to thy table let us come, And dwell in Sion as our home.

417. C. M.

Morning before baptism; or, at the water side, Psalm cxix, 32.

- 1 HOW great, how solemn is the work, Which we attend today! Now for a holy solemn frame, O God to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt, When pain'd and griev'd at heart, Thy kind, forgiving, melting look Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise Be exercis'd again; And nurtur'd by celestial power, In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope, Wake fortitude and joy; Vain world, be gone, let things above Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee our Savior and our God, To all around we own; Drive each rebellious rival lust, Each traitor from the throng.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue, To heaven our passions raise, That hence our lives, our all may be Devoted to thy praise.

418. L. M.

The Administrator.

- 1 "GO'teach the nations and baptise,"
 Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries:
 His glad apostles took the word,
 And round the nations preach'd their Lord,
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King, We to his holy laver bring These happy converts, who have known And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face, O bless them with peculiar grace; Refresh their soul, with love divine; Let beams of glory round them shine.

419. L. M.

Taking persons into the church.

- I FIRST have these lovers of the word Yielded their souls to Christ the Lord; Now to the church themselves they give, Now to the Savior may they live.
- 2 Lord, may these honor'd saints of thine Ever on thy dear breast recline;

Thy name revere, thy word obey; And, O for ever, watch and pray.

3 May they continue in thy ways, Delight to pray, delight to praise; May they with us abide in love, And shortly soar to realms above,

DOXOLOGY.

At the water side after baptism.

O FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost, Baptis'd in thy united name; We'll eye the Captain of our host, We'll bear His cross, nor fear the shame.

SECT. 8.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

420. L. M.

Self dedication at the Lord's table.

1 LORD, am I thine, entirely thine! Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine; With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me. 2 Thee my new Master now I call, And consecrate to thee my all: Lord, let me live and die to thee, Be thine thro'all eternity.

421. L. M.

Desiring the presence of God, John xx, 19, 20.

- 1 COME, our indulgent Savior, come, Illustrious Conqueror o'er the tomb; Here thine assembled servants bless, And fill our hearts with sacred peace.
- 2 O come thyself, most gracious Lord; With all the joy thy smiles afford; Reveal the lustre of thy face, And make us feel thy vital grace.
- Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest, Enter, thou ever-honored guest, Not for one transient hour alone, But there to fix thy lasting throne.

422. C. M.

A glance at Gethsemane.

- 1 COME, all ye chosen saints of God, That long to feel the cleansing blood, In pensive pleasure join with me, To sing of sad Gethsemane.
- 2 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd, [fear'd; And sigh'd and groan'd, and pray'd, and

Bore all incarnate God could bear, With strength enough and—none to spare!

- 3 Despatch'd from heaven an angel stood, Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood, Ador'd by angels, and obey'd, But lower now than angels made.
- 4 He stood to strengthen, not to fight— Justice exacts its utmost right; This victim vengeance will pursue, He undertook, and must go through.
- 5 And why, dear Savior, tell me why, Thou thus would suffer, bleed, and die? What mighty motive could thee move? The motive's plain; 'twas all for love.
- 6 O love of unexpected kind! That leaves all thought so far behind: Where length, and breadth, and depth, and height, Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

423. C. M.

The King's table, Luke xiv, 22.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads, And dainties crown the board; Not Paradise with all its joys Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace, to dying men,
 And endless life are given,
 And the rich blood, that Jesus shed
 To raise the soul to heaven.

- 3 Millions of souls in glory now -Were fed, and feasted here; And millions more, still on the way, Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come;
 Nor could the wide o'erspreading world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready; come away, Nor weak excuses frame; Crowd to your places at the feast, And bless the Founder's name.

424. P. M.

Melchisedec a type of Christ, Gen. xiv, 18, 19.

- 1 KING of Salem, bless my soul! Make a wounded sinner whole! King of rightcousness and peace, Let not thy sweet visits cease!
- 2 Come! refresh this soul of mine, With thy sacred bread and wine! All thy love to me unfold, Half of which cannot be told,
- 3 Hail, Melchisedec divine!
 Thou great High Priest shalt be mine;
 All my powers before thee fall,
 Take not tithe, but take them all!

425. C. M.

The wonders of redemptions

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
 The sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne, His radiant throne on high, (Surprising mercy! love unknown!) To suffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place, And suffer'd in his stead; For man, (O miracle of grace!) For man the Savior bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell In thy atoning blood? By this are sinners snatch'd from hell, And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free;
 And may I hope that love extends
 Its sacred power to me?
- What glad return can I impart
 For favors so divine?
 O take my all this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.

426. P. M.

Behold the lamb of God, John i, 21.

- I JESUS, thou lowly bleeding Lamb,
 Who underwent our grief and shame,
 To save our souls from hell;
 While here we sit around thy board,
 Thy pain and suff'rings to record,
 Thy praise aloud we'll tell.
- With all the glorious hosts above,
 We'll sing thy everlasting love;
 To thee, all praise be giv'n:
 Hosanna! blessed be his name,
 Who fought, and bled,—but overcame,
 And now he reigns in heav'n.

SECT. 9.

CHURCH OFFICERS AND ORDINATIONS.

427. L. M.

At a choice of deacons, 1 Tim. iii, 8-13:

1 FAIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow, And hail the grace thy church enjoys; Her holy deacons are thy own, With all the gifts thy love employs.

- Up to thy throne we lift our eyes, For blessings to attend our choice* Of such whose generous prudent zeal Shall make thy favor'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus their own Lord, May they his sacred table spread, The table of their pastor fill, And fill the holy poor with bread!
- 4 [When paster, saints, and poor they serve, May their own hearts with grace be crown'd! While patience, sympathy, and joy Adorn, and through their lives abound.
- 5 By purest love to Christ and truth, O may they win a good degree Of boldness in the Christian faith, And meet the smile of thine and thee!
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—
 The work of love is fully done,
 Call them from serving tables here,
 To sit around thy glorious throne.

428. C. M.

For a destitute church, Numb. xxvii, 15-17.

1 TO thee, O God, when creatures fail, Thy flock deserted flies;

*If this hymn be sung before the choice, then the second line of the second verse may stand thus;

"For wisdom to direct our choice."

- And on th' eternal Shepherd's care Our cheerful hope relies.
- When o'er thy faithful servant's dust Thy dear assemblies mourn, In speedy tokens of thy grace, O Israel's God, return.
- 3 The powers of nature all are thine, And thine the aids of grace; Thine arm has borne thy churches up, Through every rising race.
- 4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
 And here thy suppliants bless,
 And change, to strains of cheerful praise,
 Their accents of distress.
- 5 With faithful heart, with skilful hand, May this thy flock be fed; And, with a steady growing pace, To Zion's mountain led.

430. L. M.

Seeking direction in the choice of a pastor.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear— Thy servants' groans indulgent hear: Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry, And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light, To guide our doubtful footsteps rights Our drooping hearts, O God sustain; Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return, Nor let thy flock neglected mourn: May our blest eyes a shepherd see, Dear to our souls and dear to thee!

430. L. M.

At the settlement of a minister, Jerm. iii, 15.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep With constant care thy humble sheep: By thee inferior pastors rise To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart, Resembling thy own gracious heart; Whose courage, watchfulness, and love, Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care, Healthful may all thy sheep appear; And, by their fair example led, The way to Zion's pastures tread!
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows, And scatter'd blessings on thy house; Thy saints are succor'd, and no more As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke, And bless the shepherd and the flock; Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise, And own this tribute of our praise.

432. C. M.

After a charge at an ordination, Heb, xiii, 17.

- And take the alarm they give;
 Now let them from the mouth of God
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import The pastor's care demands; But what might fill an angel's heart, And fill'd a Savior's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord Did heavenly bliss forego; For souls which must for ever live In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach, Their own Redeemer see; And watch thou daily o'er their souls, That they may watch for thee.

433. C. M.

Praise for a promising Pastor, after the decease of another.

1 TO thy great name, O Prince of peace!
Our grateful song we raise;
Accept, thou Sun of righteousness,
The tribute of our praise.

. 34

- 2 In widow'd state these walls no more Their mourning weeds shall wear; Thy messenger shall joy restore, And every loss repair.
- 3 Thy providence our souls admire, With joy its windings trace, And shout, in one united choir, The triumphs of thy grace!
- 4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain,
 Here let thy presence dwell;
 And thousands, loos'd from Satan's chain,
 Raise from the brink of hell.
- 5 Distressed churches pity, Lord, Their dismal breaches close, Their sons unite in sweet accord, And troubled minds compose.
- 6 In all be purity maintain'd,
 Peace like a river flow,
 And pious zeal, and love unfeign'd
 In every bosom glow.

SECT. 10.

FOR ASSOCIATIONS, MISSIONARY, AND MINISTERS' MEETINGS.

434. S. M.

For the coming of the glorious kingdom of Christ, Psalm Ixvii, 1-5.

TO bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline, And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

- That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known;
 Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.
- Let different nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- O let them shout and sing,
 Dissolv'd in pious mirth,
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

435. L. M.

For the increase of the Church promised and pleaded, Psalm ii, 8.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd To thine exalted Son, That through the nations of the earth Thy word of life shall run.
- 2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
 For thine inheritance,
 And to the world's remotest shores
 Thine empire shall advance."

- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne?
- '4 When shall the untutor'd Indian tribe,
 A dark, bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace?

436. C. M. Prayer for Missionaries.

- I GREAT God, the nations of the earth Are by creation thine; And in thy works, by all beheld, Thy radiant glories shine.
- 3 But, Lord, thy greater love hath sent 'Fhy gospel to mankind, Unvailing what rich stores of grace Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 O when shall these glad tidings spread The spacious earth around, Till every tribe, and every soul, Shall hear the joyful sound!
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays;
 And build on sin's demolish'd throne
 The temples of thy praise.

437. L. M.

For the spread of the Gospel, Isa. lxvi, 8.

- 1 BEHOLD, with pleasing ecstasy, The gospel standard lifted high, That all the nations, from afar, May in the great salvation share.
- 2 Why then, almighty Savior, why Do wretched souls in millions die? While wide th' infernal tyrant reigns O'er spacious realms in pond rous chains.
- Awake, all-conquering arm, awake, And hell's extensive empire shake; Assert the honors of thy throne, And call this ruin'd world thine own.
- 4 Thine all-successful power display, Produce a nation in a day; For at thy word this barren earth Shall travail with a general birth.
- 5 Swift let thy quickening Spirit breathe
 On these abodes of sin and death;
 That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,
 Like waving corn before the winds,

438. P. M.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel, Isa. xlix, 22; lx, 4, 5.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jub'lee, &c.
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

- Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let the gospel, &c.
 Soon resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption, &c.
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- May the glorious day approaching,
 Thine eternal love proclaim,
 And the everlasting gospel,
 Spread abroad thy holy name,
 O'er the borders, &c.
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre, &c.
Savior, all the world around.

439. C. M.

- "The Captain of their salvation," Heb. ii, 10.
- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
 Display thy glorious banner high:
 The summons send from coast to coast,
 And call a num'rous army nigh.
- 2 The solemn jub'lee, Lord proclaim; Proclaim the great Sabbatic day: Assert the glories of thy name; Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign,
 And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
 The myst'ry to the heart explain.
- 4 Lord, shed thy light, make plain the way, That leads to Zion's lofty tow'r: Pierc'd by thy beams, let night be day; So shall we sing and praise thy pow'r.

440. S. M.

After a favorable report of missionary success, Luke ii, 30—35.

- OUR eyes salvation see,
 Prepar'd by grace divine,
 How wide its splendors are diffus'd,
 How bright its glories shine!
- 2 Through distant heathen lands It darts a vivid ray, And to the realms where Satan reign'd Imparts celestial day.
- 3 The Israel of the Lord In Christ, their glory, boast; And on the honors of his name Their whole salvation trust.
- 4 By him shall millions rise
 To an immortal crown;
 And millions, that his grace despise,
 Shall sink in ruin down.
- 5 Our reckoning is begun, And on th' account will go, Till closed in everlasting joy, Or never-ending wo.

441. P. M.

The millennial state, Isa. xli, 18, 19; xxxv,1, 2; xi, 6—9; lv, 13.

- AMAZING, beauteous change!
 A world created new!
 My thoughts with transport range
 The lovely scene to view;
 In all I trace,
 Savior divine,
 The work is thine,
 Be thine the praise.
- See crystal fountains play,
 Amidst the burning sands;
 The river's winding way
 Shines through the thirsty land
 New grass is seen,
 And o'er the meads
 Its carpet spreads
 Of living green.
- Where pointed brambles grew,
 Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers for ever new
 The painted fields adorn;
 The blushing rose,
 And lily there,
 In union fair
 Their sweets disclose.
- Where the bleak mountain stood, All bare and disarray'd,

See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain
The savage chase give o'er:
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In social bands.

O when, almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise;
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondring eyes!
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

SECT. 11.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

442. L. M.

Female Asylum.

1 IN cheerful songs of artless praise Would we our feeble voices raise; And celebrate with one accord The wondrous goodness of the Lord.

- When cheerless poverty had spread Its threatening clouds around our head, Soon did our gracious God appear, And gave us an asylum here.
- 3 For these our generous patrons too
 Would we the grateful theme renew;
 O may each tender mind they rear
 Thy precepts love, thy name revere.
- 4 And when that awful day shall come,
 That thou, great God, shalt call us home;
 May we with these thy servants join
 To sing thy praise, in hymns divine.

443. P. M.

After a charity sermon in favor of the instruction of poor children.

COME, let our voices join
To sing a song of praise;
For favors so divine
Our grateful notes we'll raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs,
His love demands your noblest songs.

When wandering far astray,

In paths of vice and sin,
You kindly pointed out
The danger we were in:

To God alone be all the praise, Who turns your feet from sinful ways.

CHILDREN.

3 Now we are taught to read The book of life divine: Where our Redeemer's love, And brightest glories shine.

CONGREGATION.
To God alone the praise is due,
Whose sacred book is sent to you.

CHILDREN.

Within this sacred house
Our youthful feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise abound,
And heavenly truths are taught.

To God alone your praises bring, And in the church His glories sing.

CHILDREN.

For favors such as these
Our grateful thanks receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give!

CONGREGATION.

Great God, accept their infant songs; To thee alone the praise belongs.

CHORUS.

Lord, let this glorious work
Be crown'd with large success!
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless!
Then shall thy praise be sounded high
Throughout a vast eternity.

444. L. M.

Liberality, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

- 1 THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs, For me a well-spread board prepares, My grateful thanks to him shall rise, He knows my wants, those wants supplies.
- 2 And shall I grudge to give his poor A mite from all my generous store? No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee Shall always find a friend in me.

35

SECT. 12.

FOR PUBLIC HUMILLIATION—AND SEASONS OF THANKSGIVING.

445. C. M.

Deploring war.

- DESTRUCTIVE sword! how oft hast thou Been bath'd in human blood! What cities, fields, and seas have been Stain'd with the crimson flood!
- 2 All gracious God! permit our souls, Imprest with human wo, With thee to plead; how long, how long Shall this wide deluge flow?
- 3 Permit us still before thy throne
 Our prayers and tears to pour;
 When shall the sword exchange employ,
 And never more devour?
- 4 O may thy Spirit's mighty sword
 Men's lusts subdue and slay:
 Then force and war shall yield to love,
 And each from love obey.

446. C. M.

National judgments.

- I THE gathering clouds with aspect dark,
 A rising storm presage;
 O! to be hid within the ark,
 And shelter'd from its rage!
- 2 See the commission'd angel frown! That vial in his hand, Fill'd with fierce wrath is pouring down Upon our guilty land!
- 3 May we, at least, with one consent, Fall low before the throne; With tears the nation's sins lament, The church's, and our own.
- The humble souls who mourn and pray,
 The Lord approves and knows;
 His mark secures them in the day
 When vengeance strikes his foes.

447. L. M.

Thanksgiving for peace.

1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies, A word of thy almighty breath Can sink the earth or bid it rise: Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- When angry nations rush to arms, And rage, and noise and tumult reign, And war resounds its dire alarms, And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down, And marks their course, and bounds their power;

Thy word the angry nations own, And noise and war are heard no more.

4 To thee we pay our grateful songs, Thy kind protection still implore! O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues Confess thy goodness and adore.

448. L. M.

Thanksgiving for national deliverance and improvement of it, Luke i, 74, 75.

- PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear Propitious to his people's prayer; And, tho' deliverance long delay, Answers in his well chosen day.
- 2 Salvation doth to God belong; His power and grace shall be our song; The tribute of our love we bring To thee, our Savior, and our King!
- 3 Our temples guarded from the flame, Shall echo thy triumphant name; And every peaceful private home To thee a temple shall become.

Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy honor'd sight;
 Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
 'Till life's last hour to persevere.

sест. 13.

ON PARTICULAR PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.

BIRTH—YOUTH—-MANHOOD—-MARRIAGE—
PROSPERITY—-ADVERSITY—-OLD AGE—
SEASONS OF THE YEAR—TIME AND ETERNITY.

449. C. M.

On the birth of a child.

- COME, friendship, tune thy pleasing lyre For harmony divine;
 - A parent's joys the song inspire, The parent's joys are mine.
- 2 Our hearts, so late oppress'd with fear, Forget the anxious sigh; And dawning pleasures now appear, In every kindred's eye.
- 3 The dear lov'd blessing while we view, And pleasing passions rise, Be love and praise so justly due, Paid grateful to the skies.
- 4 With love supreme be heaven ador'd; Still may our passions own, The bounteons giver as their Lord, Nor idolize the boon.

450. C. M.

Encouragement for young persons, Provviii, 17.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm, In smiling crowds draw near; And turn from eyery mortal charm, A Savior's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converse with you; And lays his radiant glories by, Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face "Is sure my love to gain; "And those that early seek my grace "Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object. Lord, my soul should move, If once compar'd with thee?
 What beauty should command my love, Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys, Vain tempters of the mind! 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice, For here true bliss I find.

451. L. M.

Beginning a new year.

1 THE God who once to Israel spoke From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke, In gentler strains of gospel grace Invites us now to seek his face.

- 2 O Savior, let thy power be felt, And cause each stony heart to melt! Deeply impress upon our youth The light and force of gospel truth.
- With this new-year may they begin To live to thee and die to sin;
 To enter by the narrow way,
 Which leads to everlasting day.

452. L. M.

New year-after a sermon to young people.

- 1 O THOU, at whose almighty word,
 The glorious light from darkness sprung!
 Thy quick'ning influence afford,
 And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.
- 2 Now while we hear thy word of grace, Let self and pride before it fall; And rocky hearts dissolve apace, In streams of sorrow at thy call.
- The unction of thy Spirit pour;
 Nor let them lose another year,
 Lest thou shouldst strive and call no more.

453. P. M.

Mental Winter.

I HOW tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet

Have lost all their sweetness with me: The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in HIM, December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice: I should, were he always so nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song;
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

454. C. M.

Winter.

- 1 STERN winter throws his icy chains Encircling nature round, How bleak, how comfortless the plains! Late gay with verdure crown'd.
- The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart,
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 But if my soul's bright Sun impart His all enlivening smile, The vital ray shall cheer my heart, Till then a frozen soil.
- 4 Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise Renew'd to lively bloom, And breathe, accepted to the skies, Their humble sweet perfume.
- 5 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring Thy soul reviving ray;
- This mental winter shall be spring, This darkness cheerful day.
- 6 But while to this low world confined, Where changeful seasons roll, My blooming pleasures will decline, And winter pain my soul.
- 7 O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns!
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.

455. L. M.

Frosty winter.

- 1 SEE how rude winter's icy hand Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground! But spring shall soon his rage withstand, And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns, Barren and fruitiess I remain; When will the gentle spring return, And bid my graces grow again.
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise,
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move:
 O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love!
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry, I faint and droop till thou appear; Wilt thou permit thy plant to die? Must it be winter all the year?
- 5 Be still, my soul, and wait this hour, With humble prayer and patient faith; Till he reveals his gracious power, Repose on what his promise saith.
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word, Seasons their changing course maintain, In every change a pledge affords, That none shall seek his face in vain.

456. S. M.

The return of stiring.

GREAT God, at thy command Seasons in order rise: Thy power and love in concert reign Through earth, and seas, and skies.

How balmy is the air!
 How warm the solar beams!
 And, to refresh the ground, the rains
 Descend in gentle streams.

3

4

With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and corn
For men enrich the land.

But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy
Through endless ages run.

457. C. M.,

For the weeks of harvest.

1 GREAT sovereign Lord! what human eye
Amidst thy works can rove,
And not thy liberal hand espy,
Nor trace thy bounteous love?

- 2 Each star that gilds the heavenly frame, On earth each verdant clod, In language loud to men proclaim The great and bounteous God.
- 3 The lesson each revolving year Repeats in various ways; Rich thy provisions, Lord, appear; The poor shall shout thy praise.
- 4 Our fruitful fields and pastures tell
 Of man and beast thy care;
 The thriving corn thy breezes fill,
 Thy breath perfumes the air.
- 5 But O! what human eye can trace, Or human eye conceive The greater riches of thy grace Impoverish'd souls receive.
- 6 Love everlasting has not spar'd Its best beloved Son, And in him endless life prepar'd, For souls by sin undone.

458. C. M.

A wedding hymn.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage-feast;
 Lord, we ask thy presence here,
 To make a wedding-guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down, Who now have plighted hands, Their union with thy favor crown, And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow, Of all rich downies best! Their substance bless, and peace bestow, To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite, That they, with Christian care, May make domestic burdens light, By taking mutual share.
- [5 True helpers may they prove indeed, In prayer, and faith, and hope; And see with joy a godly seed, To build their household up.]
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca give A pattern chaste and kind; So may this married couple live, And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here, O make thy face to shine; Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer, Than richest food or wine.

459. L. M.

A welcome to Christian friends .- At meeting.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake, A hearty welcome here receive; May we together now partake The joys which only he can give.

- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given To know the Savior's precious name; And shortly we shall meet in heaven, Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet, Send his good Spirit from above, Make our communications sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme, When Christians see each other thus; We only wish to speak of him, Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said, And suffer'd for us here below; The path he mark'd for us to tread, And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

460. C. M.

The aged Christian's reflection.

1 HOW vain a thought is bliss below,
'Tis all an airy dream!
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!

- 2 O let my nobler wishes soar Beyond these seats of night; In heaven substantial bliss explore, And permanent delight.
- 3 No fleeting landscape cheers the gaze, Nor giry form beguiles; But everlasting bliss displays Her undissembled smiles.
- 4 Adieu! to all below the skies, Celestial Guardian, come, On thy kind wing my soul would rise To her eternal home.

461. S. M.

Time and eternity, Jam. iv, 13-15.

- TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine, Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand; And, if its sun arise and shine, It shines by thy command.
- The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour Eternity is hung, Waken, by thine almighty power, The aged and the young.

- One thing demands our care,
 O be it still pursued!
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renew'd.
- To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
 Lest life's young golden beams should die
 In sudden endless night.

462. P. M. Time improved.

1 JEHOVAH spake, and time began, And worlds their mystic mazes ran, Obedient at his call:

His word shall quench the source of light, And turn to blood the queen of night, And make the planets fall!

- 2 Yes, worlds on worlds shall all expire; Expecting the refining fire, They hasten to their doom: What then is man, polluted worm, Of scanty date, and fleeting form, Dare he on time presume?
- 3 Ah, no! each minute, as it flies,
 Bears numbers homeward to the skies,
 Or plunges them beneath;
 As bubbles rise and disappear,
 As atoms float, till lost in air,
 We rise—then sink in death.

With double zeal redeem the past,
While yet the season's mine;
And counting well my fleeting days,
Apply my heart to wisdom's ways,
That lead to life divine.

SECT. 14.

VARIETIES; SUITABLE FOR FRAYER MEETINGS, CONFERENCE MEETINGS, AND PRIVATE CIR-CLES OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

463. P. M.

Grateful recollection.

COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
*36

2 Here I raise my Ebeneze,
Hither by thy help I'm cone;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of Good
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love.
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

464. P. M.

At the opening of worship.

- I LORD, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O! do not our suit disdain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend, In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way
 Now we seek thee—here we stay;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- A Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return; Those who are cast down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that those who seek, may find Thee a gracious God and kind; Heal the sick, the captives free, Let us all rejoice in thee.

465. I. M.

The Savior present with two or three, Matt. xviii, 20.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord, Obedient to their sovereign Lord, Meet to recount his acts of grace, And offer solemn prayer and praise;
- 2 "There," says the Savior, will I be, Amid this little company;

To them unveil my smiling face, And shed my glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord, Relying on thy faithful word: Now send thy Spirit from above, Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

466. P. M.

The throne of grace, 1 Sam. i, 10.

- 1 WHEN Hannah, press'd, with grief,
 Pour'd forth her soul in prayer;
 She quickly found relief,
 And left her burden there:
 Like her, in every trying case,
 Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 Though men and devils rage,
 And threaten to devour:
 The saints, from age to age,
 Are safe from all their power;
 Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
 By waiting at the throne of grace!
- And found the promise true;
 Nor one been yet denied,
 Then why should I or you?
 Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
 And hasten to the throne of grace.

.67. C. M.

Seeking relief, Isa. xlv, 19.

- 1 WE core, dear Jesus, to thy throne, To pen all our grief; Nowsend thy promis'd mercy down, And grant us quick relief.
- 2 Ne'er didst thou say to Jacob's seed, "Seek ye my face," in vain; And canst thou now deny thine aid, When burden'd souls complain?
- The same thy power, thy love the same, Unmov'd the promise shines; Eternal truth surrounds thy name, And guards the precious lines.
- 4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel, And unbelief arise, We'll wait around his footstool still, For Jesus hears our cries.

468. P. M.

Encouragement to pray, Luke xi, 9.

Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door;
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help, or pity wants like mine.

The beggar's usual pla,
Relief from men to gain
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdan;
And pleas which move thy gracous ear,
Are such as men would scorn to ear.

- 3 'Twere folly to pretend
 I never begg'd before;
 Or, if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more.
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.
- 4 Nor can I willing be,
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who, like me,
 Their wants and hunger feel:
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.

469. P. M.

For the pardon of sin.

- 1 JESUS, to thy wounds I fly, Purge my sins of deepest dye; Lamb of God, for sinners slain, Wash away my crimson stain.
- 2 Plunge me in the sacred flood, In that fountain of thy blood! Heavenly justice then shall see No one spot of guilt in me.

.70. P. M.

Prayer for a revival.

1 SAVIOT, visit thy plantation,
Grait us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All vill come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance, Shine upon us from en high: Lest, for want of thine assistance, Every plant shall droop and die: Lord, &c.

- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd, Every part look'd gay and green; Then thy word our spirits nourish'd, Happy seasons we have seen! Lord, &c.
- 4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee: Lord, &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders, Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth? Old professors, tall as cedars, Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below,
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show. Lord, &c.

- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
 Cover'd thick with blosoms stood;
 But they cause us grief at present, [&c.
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud! Lord,
- 8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 Oh. permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c.]
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares. Lord,
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh:
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.

471. L. M.

Union hymn.

- I FROM whence does this union arise, That hatred is conquer d by love? It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance nor time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found, Nor yet in a Paradise lost; It grows on Immannel's ground, And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends all so dear to me, Our souls so united in love, Where Jesus is gone we shall be, In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Oh! why then so loath now to part, Since we shall ere long meet again? Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart, At distance we cannot remain.

470. P. M.

The parting.

OUR souls by love together knit,*
Cemented, mix'd in one—
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
Is heaven on earth begun:
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.†

CHORUS.

"A Savior" let creation sing!
"A Savior let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours:—
The parting space we'll soon run o'ers
To join the saints who're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.

*Col. ii, 2. †Luke xxiv, 30, 32. ‡Eph. iii, 19 §Psa. cxix, 32.

2 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all it's moisture drain:

A rill, a stream, a torrent flows, But pour a MIGHTY FLOOD—

O sweep the nations,—shake the earth; Till all proclaim the God!

"A Savior," &c.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,
May we, a little band of love,
All sinners sav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd:
Behold thee face to face!

A Savior, &c.

473. P. M.

Sacred music.

- THOU God of harmony and love,
 Whose name transports the saints above,
 And lulls the ravish'd spheres;
 On thee in feeble strains I call,
 And mix my humble voice with all
 The heavenly choristers.
- 2 O might I with thy saints aspire, The meanest of that dazzling choir, Who chant thy praise above!

Mix'd with the bright musician-band May I a heavenly harper stand, And sing the song of love!

Jesus! the heaven of heavens he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss!
And while on him we gaze,
And whilst his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye—all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.

4 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe, which dares not move,
Before, the great THREE-ONE!
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

474. C. M.

The traveller's hymn, Psalm cvii, 4-8, 29.

- HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
- In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe the tainted air.
- 3 [When by the dreadful tempest borne, High on the broken wave, They know thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths, Thy goodness we'll adore; We'll praise thee for thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life, Thy sacrifice shall be; And death, when death shall be our lot, Shall join our souls to thee.

475. L. M.

Zion's traveller.

- 1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains, The height of some o'erlooking hill, His heart revives, if, cross the plains, He eyes his home, tho' distant still.
- 2 Thus, when the christian pilgrim views, By faith, his mansion in the skies; The sight his fainting strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there with Jesus he's to dwell,
 To spend an everlasting day:
 There shall he bid his cares farewell,
 For he shall wipe his tears away.

476. P. M.

Resigning all for Christ, 2 Cor. vi, 17.

- I JESUS at thy command,
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep.
 For thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- What though the seas are broad?
 What though the waves are strong?
 What though tempestuous winds,
 Distress me all along?
 Yet what are seas or stormy wind,
 Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend?
- Christ is my pilot wise,
 My compass is his word,
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord:
 I trust his faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.
- Though rocks, and quicksands deep,
 Through all my passage lie;
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye.
 How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up?
- 5 By faith I see the land,
 The haven of endless rest;
 My soul, thy wings expan d,
 And fly to Jesu's breast!

O may I reach the heavenly shore, Where winds and seas distress no more!

- 6 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And all my storms subside;
 Then to my succor fly,
 And keep me near thy side,
 For more the treacherous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 7 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace;
 And waft me, from below,
 To heaven my destin'd place;
 Then in full sail my port I'll find
 And leave the world and sin behind.

477. Tune-Indian Chief.

Brother Sailor.

YE sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood, Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd up to God:

Remember thy short voyage of life will soon end, Now come, brother sailor, make Jesus your friend.

Look astern on your life, see your way mark'd with sin,

Look ahead! see what torments you'll soon founder in

The hard rocks of death soon will bear on your keel,

Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell

Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God;
Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall
asleep,

Watch and pray, night and day, lest you sink in

the deep.

Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze now is fair,

Trim your sails to the wind, and those torments you'll clear;

Your leading star, Jesus, keep full in your view, You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you safe through.

Renounce your old captain, the devil, straight-

The crew that you sail with will lead you astray, Desert their blackcolors, course under the red, Where Jesus was captain, to conquest he led.

His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave through the air,

And volunteers coming from far off and near; Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay, Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.

The bounty he'll give when the voyage doth begin,

He'll forgive your transgressions and cleanse you from sin:

Good usage he'll give while you sail on the way, And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay. In the harbor of glory for ever you'll ride, Free from quicksands and danger, and sin's rapid tide;

Waves of death cease to roll, and the tempest

be o'er,

The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee no more.

Thy tarpawlin jacket no longer you'll wear, But robes dipt in heavenall white, clean, and fair; A crown on thy head that would dazzle the sun, And from glory to glory eternally run.

478. L. M.

A propitious gale longed for.

- 1 AT anchor laid remote from home, Toiling I cry, "sweet spirit, come! "Celestial breeze, no longer stay, "But swell my sails and speed my way!
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 "And loose my cable from below:
 "But I can only spread my sail; [gale!"
 "Thou, thou, must breathe th' auspicious

479. C. P. M.

Joy of the cross.

1 ADIEU! ye vain delights of earth; Insipid sports, and childish mirth, I taste no sweets in you; Unknown delights are in the cross; All joy beside, to me is dross; And Jesus thought so too.

- 2 The cross! Oh ravishment and bliss! How grateful e'en its anguish is; Its bitterness, how sweet! There every sense and all the mind, In all her faculties refin'd, Tastes happiness complete.
- 3 Souls once enabled to disdain
 Base sublunary joys, maintain
 Their dignity secure;
 The fever of desire is past,
 And love has all its genuine taste,
 Is delicate and pure.
- 4 Self-love no grace in sorrow sees, Consults her own peculiar ease; 'Tis all the bliss she knows: But nobler aims true love employ; In self-denial is her joy, In suff'ring her repose.
- 5 Sorrow and love go side by side;
 Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
 Their heav'n appointed bands;
 Those dear associates still are one,
 Nor, till the race of life is run,
 Disjoin their wedded hands.
- 6 Jesus, avenger of our fall,
 Thou faithful lover above all
 The cross has ever borne!
 Oh tell me—life is in thy voice—
 How much afflictions were thy choice,
 And sloth and ease thy scorn!

7 Thy choice and mine shall be the same; Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must for ever blaze!
To take the cross, and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion, and my praise.

480. S. M.

Evening song.

- THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.
- We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest:
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure us from all fears; May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unweary'd sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

443

481. S. M.

Friend's meeting.

- 1 SAVIOR of sinful men,
 Thy goodness we proclaim,
 Which brings us here to meet again,
 And triumph in thy name!
- Thy mighty name hath been
 Our refuge, and our tower,
 Hath sav'd us from the world and sin,
 And all th' accuser's power.
- 3 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
 Our friends that went before
 We soon in paradise shall find,
 And meet to part no more.
- 4 In yonder blissful seat,
 Waiting for us they are—
 And I shall there a consort* meet
 And I a parent* there.
- 5 Oh! what a mighty change Shall Jesus' sufferers know, While o'er the happy plains we range, Incapable of wo!
- 6 No ill-requited love
 Shall there our spirits wound,
 No base ingratitude above,
 No sin in heaven is found.

*Or, Brother, Sister, &c.

- 7 Norslightest touch of pain; Nor sorrow's least alloy Can violate, our rest, or stain Our purity of joy.
- In that eternal day No clouds or tempests rise; These gushing tears are wip'd away For ever from our eyes.

PART VI.

FOR THE CONCLUSION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

482. P. M.

After Sermon.

1 COME, ye mourning, pardon'd sinners,
Bring your humble, grateful lays;
Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise,
Friend of sinners!
Thee we laud for richest grace.

O what grace hast thou displayed!
O what mercy hast thou shewn!
When to die for vilest rebels
Thou didst leave thy blissful throne!
Bleeding Savior!
Melt, O melt our hearts of stone.

3 Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus, Think upon your gracious Lord; He has pity'd your condition, He has sent his Gospel-word:
Mercy calls you,
Mercy flows from Jesu's blood.

483. I. M.

Returning sinners, Luke xv, 7.

- I HARK what the Lord of angels says!
 (Each word his sovereign grace displays;)
 What gladdening news from heaven he
 [brings,
- And whence the joy of angels springs.
- 2 Angelic bands rejoice to hear With kind good will to sinners here, When one rebellious heart relents, Believes in Jesus, and repents.
- 3 O, with what rapturous warmth they trace The methods of recov'ring grace! And scraphs with new ardor burn, To see one prodigal return,
- 4 Fain would we, Lord, our anthems raise On earth, with heaven's superior praise: Fain would thy longing people see Sinners in crowds return to thee.
- 5 When shall the day dawn on our sight, When all thy children shall unite To bless that love (dear morning come!) Which brings thy chosen safely home:

484. L. M.

Repenting Peter, Matt. xxvi, 75.

- 1 SEE, the sad fruit of sin appears, While Peter pours a briny flood! But that which costs the servant tears Must cost the Lord his richest blood!
- 2 The sea of tears which Peter sheds
 Can never purge his crimson sin,
 But Jesus for the sinner pleads,
 And pours his blood to make him clean.

485. C. M.

- The Savior's call, and the awakened souls' resolution, John vi, 37.
- 1 AND does the kind Redeemer stoop, In such reviving strains Diseased sinners to invite, And heal their heart-felt pains?
- Will he on no account cast out The pentient, that flies To his kind arms, for life and grace, And all salvation's joys?
- 3 From age to age have coming souls
 A hearty welcome found,—
 Pleasures beyond whate'er they knew
 In sin's enchanted round?
- 4 Can they his truth and grace attest With their expiring breath,—
 And find his word their trust in life,
 Their cordial too in death?

- 5 Begone my unbelieving fears, Nor more, my soul, delay; Jesus, I come, and at thy feet Fain would thy call obey.
- 6 Frown not away a soul that wants Thy. grace to trust and try, Determin'd, if I perish, Lord, Low at thy feet to die.

486. L. M.

Desiring to see Jesus.

- 1 FAIN would I my Redeemer see, As when, extended on the tree, He groan'd beneath my sinful load, And freely pour'd his sacred blood.
- 2 Above, I want this only sight,
 To view the Lamb, by his own light,
 T' admire the lustre of those scars
 Which brightens all the morning stars.

487. P. M. Christ's fulness,

- 1 FULL of unuterable grace,
 Jesus mine eye of faith surveys!
 Jesus whate'er thou art is mine,
 Fountain of excellence divine!
 All goodness is compris'd in thee,
 Good in thyself, and good to me.
- 2 Thy nature doth itself impart, To every humble, longing heart; And all that after thee aspire,

Shall gain, with thee, their whole desire; United to their source above, Lost in a boundless sea of love.

488. C. M.

Lord's day evening.

- WHEN, O dear Savior, when shall I Behold thee all serene; Blest in perpetual sabbath day, Without a veil between?
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here
 Amidst a world of cares:
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my prayers.
- To be my guide and friend,
 To light my path to ceasless joys,
 Where sabbaths never end.

489. L. M.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our laboring souls aspire, With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place; No groans to mingle with the songs, Which warble from immortal tongues.

- 3 No rude alarms of raging focs, No cares to break the long repose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our laboring souls aspire, With ardent pangs of strong desire.

490. C. M.

Giving thanks to the Savior.

- 1 GLORY and thanks to him belong, Who left his throne above; The new, the gospel-song of songs Is due to Jesus' love.
- 2 Join all on earth in Jesus' praise, And then to heaven repair; To vie with the agelic race, Or mend their anthems there.

491. L. M.

The peace of God shall keep, &c. Phil. iv, 7.

- 1 THE peace which God alone reveals, And by his word of grace imparts, Which only the believer feels, Direct and keep, and cheer our hearts:
- 2 And may the holy Three in One, The Father, Word, and Comforter, Pour an abundant blessing down On every soul assembled here!

492. P. M.

Prayer for a blessing.

I TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessisg give.

493. P. M.

After an encouraging address to hilgrime.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies, in everlasting day, Through floods and flames the passage lies, But Jesus guards the way:

2 The swelling flood, the raging flame Hear and obey his word; Then let us triumph in his name, Our Savior is the Lord.

494. P. M.

Doxology.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Savior
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

495. P. M.

The tidings of salvation.

1 BLESS'D tidings of salvation,
Through Messiah's precious blood!
When shall every distant nation
Know them as their only good?
May we know them,
As our spirit's life and food!

496. P. M.

For a blessing on the word.

1 ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shall have the praise.

497. P. M.

Praise and confidence.

Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

498. P. M.

Dismission

1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeming grace,
O refresh us, &c.
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy Gospel's joyful sound: May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound! Ever faithful, &c. To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Christ in endless day.

499. C. M.

Dismission.

1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on Gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase;
Fill our hearts with consolation,
Unto thee our voices raise;
When we reach our blissful station
Then we'll give thee nobler praise:
And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
For ever and ever.—Amen.

THE END.











